THE

PEEVISH MAN:

A

DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

AUGUSTUS KOTZEBUE.

BEING HIS LAST PRODUCTION.

TRANSLATED BY

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1799.

Dramatis Personæ.

HERMAN EDELSHIELD, *Privy Counsellor* - } *Brothers, both retired from service.*
TOBY EDELSHIELD, *a Captain* }

ULRICA EDELSHIELD, *their Sister, an old Maid.*
THERESA EDELSHIELD, *Herman's Daughter.*
WALTHER, *Herman's Valet.*
Colonel HAMMER.
PATZIG, *his Valet.*
Lieutenant ORPHAN.
FABIAN, *his Groom.*
JACK BORNMAN, *an old Man.*
Servants.

The scene of action is the Privy Counsellor's country-seat: in the beginning of the third act a contiguous village.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE

PEEVISH MAN.

ACT I.

A Hall, with adjacent Rooms.

SCENE I.

Morning; a Servant buſy laying the Breakfaſt-cloth; another Servant duſting the Furniture. ULRICA *ſteps in, neat and cleanly dreſſed.*

Ulrica.

GOOD morrow, good folks! All a-bed yet? I dare ſay.

Serv. Miſs is in the garden.

Ul. Ay, ſhe will always be up firſt. Quite like her mother, poor ſoul! an excellent woman ſhe was. As ſoon as the cock crowed thrice, ſhe would be out of bed in a minute.—Look here, Francis, here is a good deal of duſt yet.—In thoſe times people would yet ſtick to the proverb, which ſays, The morning dew brings gold for you! But that will now-a-days do only for journeymen: and the gold is changed to copper.—Francis, look ye here—the frame of this looking-glaſs. You wipe ſo ſlight. No man ſhould ever do a thing in a

ſlight way; for that will often make him do it twice over.

Serv. Curſe the flies!

Ul. You are right there, my lad. I hate none of God Almighty's creatures, but the flies: they are very naſty inſects. They won't ſuffer one to eat a ſpoonful of ſoup in peace. Every chandelier muſt be wrapt up in gauze for them. They won't reſpect even the portrait of my deceaſed grandpapa. No, for that I like winter beſt.

Serv. We might put ſome poiſon on the windows.

Ul. No, no; we muſtn't poiſon any creature in this world, not even a fly. God Almighty knows beſt to what purpoſe he made them: though, in my humble opinion, I don't ſee what they are good for.—*(To the other Servant.)* Look here, Peter; this cup is not clean within the handle.

Serv. The girl——

Ul. Ay! what has the girl done now again? that's your concern. Mind, my lad, you are new yet; cleanlineſs is the beſt recommendation in this houſe. Clean hands, clean hearts, I uſed to ſay. Clean bodies, pure ſouls. Whoever keeps his perſon and his room clean, ſeldom is a bad man.

Serv. But the girl upon the whole is——

Ul. What is ſhe? She is a girl, a good girl, a good-tempered girl, and all ſhe has about her waſhed as white as ſnow. I can't bear ſervants that will inform againſt their fellows. A peaceful diſpoſition is ſure to win the hearts of the high and the low. Informers are like thoſe large flies, that will hum at every window, and ſmut every thing.

Serv. (Prepares for reply.)

Ul. (Sternly.) Go, and clean that cup.

[*Servants withdraw.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

ULRICA *alone.*

(She fills a cup with coffee; the ſpoon by chance falls on it, and ſprinkles her a little.) Hm! hm! See there now! a ſtain of coffee on my white petticoat. *(She dips the corner of her handkerchief in a glaſs of water, and waſhes out the ſtain.)* Even the cleaneſt perſon cannot always keep free from ſpots; the very beſt of us has his defects, till we ſhall all be brought to the general waſh: bleſſed be he, that then ſhall have only coffee-ſtains to waſh out!— Therefore be patient, Ulrica! don't murmur when Herman ſcolds. His whims are no ink-ſpots neither.

SCENE III.

Enter TOBY.

Toby. (With a little roſe-buſh without leaves.) Good morrow, ſiſter!

Ul. Good morrow, brother Toby!

Toby. (Pleaſed.) Look, only look!

Ul. At what? *(Good-naturedly.)* Nay, I think you mean to make a ſatire upon me.

Toby. A ſatire? I?

Ul. I am no better than a withered roſe-buſh, ſure enough.

Toby. Withered! the deuce it is! Don't you ſee theſe green buds that ſprout out there? *(With contented loquacity.)* I had given it up; had watered it for a whole fortnight; put it in the ſun, in the rain—all to no purpoſe! and now it will thrive at laſt. I am as pleaſed as a child.

Ul. (Smiling.) As a child, indeed.

Toby. D'ye ſee, ſiſter, we never ought to deſpair of either man or roſe-buſh. Winter will deprive the latter of their leaves, and misfortune weigh down the former; but nurſe them with tenderneſs, and they'll come about again.

Ul. You have always ſome applications in readineſs from inanimate plants to God's likeneſs.

Toby. Believe me, ſiſter, we are likewiſe a ſort of plants; only that we walk about. And it were better perhaps——

Ul. (Smiling.) If we were grown faſt to the ground.

Toby. By all means. Contented with the ſpot on which he ſtands, whether ſhone on by the morning or the evening ſun, each being would feel as happy as myſelf.

Ul. Providence has preſented you with the gift of culling honey from every flower.

Toby. Has it? *(Puts down the roſe-buſh, and folds his hands.)* Well, then, gracious God! thou haſt beſtowed a happineſs upon me which thouſands are deprived of!

Ul. And your rheumatiſm.

Toby. Nonſenſe! if there were no pain upon earth, there would be no pleaſure.

Ul. You catch cold in wind and weather. Your delight in gardening——

Toby. Leave that unmoleſted, pray! I am the moſt fortunate monarch upon earth. The gardener is my prime miniſter. My ſubjects thrive; they know me only by my kindneſs, and reward me with fruit.

Ul. If only the diverſion of gardening wasn't ſo dirty.

Toby. Dirty! How ſo?

Ul.

Ul. You often ſit down to your meals with ſuch hands——

Toby. With a little bit of earth ſticking to them. What matters that? Man is nothing but a clod of clay, you know.

Ul. Oh, brother! that is a diſtreſſing thought. I am all day buſy wiping away every little bit of duſt, and then I muſt be duſt myſelf after all.

Toby. Siſter, I don't like to talk of death. Death has the general privilege to deſtroy all our joys; he is the executioner of the animate creation at large. People will call him Old friend Jack, or paint him like a little genius, with his torch reverſed. Were I a painter, I would repreſent him in the garb of a river god, with an urn, and tears ruſhing forth from it.

Ul. Pearls in the juſt man's crown.

Toby. Friend Jack! that's a mercantile cant phraſe, becauſe death trades with every body. But cheerful people hate him intolerably; and he is at great trouble indeed before he can get them to go and have a dance with him at Erfurt.

Ul. I wiſh you could teach brother Herman the art of being always cheerful.

Toby. Such things are not taught.

Ul. His whims are ſometimes inſupportable.

Toby. But then they are the whims of a brother.

Ul. Very true; but often without any cauſe.

Toby. So much the better; for then we have nothing to reproach ourſelves with.

Ul. Often about trifles.

Toby. Then they divert me.

Ul. Sometimes with ſo much acrimony.

Toby. That will ſpoil his own ſtomach.

Ul. If one didn't know, that at the bottom he is a very good man——

Toby.

Toby. That's the very thing: as we know that, why ſhould we be vexed? his ill humour is true poiſon for him; it will only tickle our ſkins a little.

Ul. Ah, but ſometimes it will pinch hard, too.

Toby. There are ſo many wretches, that muſt put up with the arrogance of ſtrangers; let us thank God we have only the whims of a brother to ſubmit to.

SCENE IV.

Enter WALTHER.

Wal. (Comes vexed out of his maſter's room.) That's too bad.

Ul. What's the matter, Walther?

Wal. A pocketful of bad language, my daily breakfaſt.

Ul. Is your maſter riſen?

Wal. Yes.

Toby. And ſcolding again?

Wal. And ſcolding again.

Ul. For what?

Wal. Firſt, the chimney ſmoked a little; then he began to curſe the chimney-ſweeper, then the architect who built the houſe, then the inventor of chimneys.

Toby. Ha! ha! ha!

Ul. The ſmoke will ſmut the curtains; he may be right enough there.

Wal. When he ſaw the weather was fair, his humour began to brighten again; he chatted and laughed till I helped him to put on his new ſhoes; they unfortunately were too tight.

Toby. Then he gave it the ſhoemaker, eh?

Wal. I immediately began to talk of ſtable-feeding, and of the Spaniſh clover he gave the peaſants;

ſants; that it throve ſo nice, that all the village was pleaſed with it.

Ul. I'll lay, that inſtantly gave his humour a different turn.

Wal. Immediately. He quite revived, and began to form new plans to improve the condition of his peaſants. The devil knows, how it happened that I put his ſnuff-box on the window—it muſt always ſtand upon the little table by the clock—he hunted for it a few minutes, called me a good-for-nothing fellow, and turned me out of the room.

Toby. A word in paſſion is like a cold flaſh of lightning.

Wal. One would almoſt prefer to be turned out of the houſe.

Toby. He means no harm.

Ul. Certainly not.

Wal. Oh, bleſs your honour! what can that avail me? I would often prefer a kind word to the legacy he has promiſed me in his will.

Toby. That does you credit.

Wal. He uſed not to be ſo formerly. In town —at court—he was then full of buſineſs. Every now and then ſome wretch would apply for his intereſt to extricate him from his embarraſſments.—He would then wake with a cheerful mind, and ſink to reſt with a ſmile.

Toby. Then he did juſt as I do.

Wal. It was an unlucky thought of him to ſue for his diſmiſſion. "In the country," he ſaid, "on my eſtates, dear Walther, there we ſhall "enjoy life."—I was as pleaſed as the children of Iſrael when they left Egypt. Now, we ſit here; have nothing to do; and grumble out of wearineſs.

[*Exit.*

Ul. Ay, ay! he has ſcared all his neighbours from

from him already; and, I am afraid, honeſt Walther will ſoon ſhoulder his knapſack too.

SCENE V.

Enter HERMAN.

Her. (Comes out of his room in a bad humour, ſits down to the breakfaſt-table, and mutters between his teeth) Good morrow.

Toby. (Sits on the other ſide of the ſtage, with the roſe-buſh before him—leans over it, and during the ſcene keeps looking at it in various directions.) Good morrow, dear brother!

Ul. (Buſy and obliging.) How have you ſlept?

Her. You know me, ſiſter. There are two phraſes which never fail to put me in a bad humour: How d'ye do? and, How have ye ſlept? Thoſe are wretched expletives: for among a hundred that will aſk me that queſtion, there are at leaſt ninety-nine that don't care a fig for it, whether I have had a good night or a bad one.

Ul. Then I am the hundredth.

Toby. And what am I to be?

Ul. (Cordially.) Believe me, Herman, I don't reliſh my breakfaſt before I know that he who gives it me had a good night's reſt.

Her. (Gives her his hand.) Fill me a cup, good old ſoul! *(Good-naturedly.)* I will in my turn reply in a phraſe: I ſhall like it better from your hand.

Ul. I like that phraſe much better from my brother, than I did thirty years ago from the falſe lips of a fine gentleman. *(Fills.)*

Her. (To Toby.*)* What are you looking at there ſo earneſtly, brother court-gardener?

Toby. I am quite delighted.

Her. Ay, that you always are. What gives you delight now?

Toby. A roſe-leaf that's coming out here.

Her. Go to my hot-houſe; there you can have full-blown roſe-buſhes by the dozen.

Toby. But thoſe I have not reared with my own hand. It has been wiſely ordained by Providence, that only ſuch things ſhould give us pleaſure as have put us to ſome care and trouble.

Her. But, good God, that coffee is cold!

Ul. (*Troubled.*) I'll have it warmed directly. (*Takes the pot, goes to the door, and calls a ſervant.*)

Her. There now, I am again to ſit with an empty ſtomach.

Toby. In that ſtate the faculties of the mind are quickeſt.

Her. I want none of your faculties; I want coffee.

Toby. You ſhall have it.

Her. Damned hot.

Ul. I have ordered freſh coffee for you.

Her. It will be an hour before I get it.

Toby. I was ſerved ſo too the other day, and it gave me pleaſure.

Her. (*Vexed.*) Pleaſure again?

Toby. When a man meets with every thing half way, he enjoys only half. Let him wait, and his enjoyment is doubled.

Her. Brother, I think, that if the firmament were to come down upon us, it would give you pleaſure.

Toby. By all means.

Her. (*Sneering.*) But can you tell me why?

Toby. O yes! It has always been my wiſh not to ſuffer a lingering death; and, if the firmament comes down, it will cruſh us as flat as a pancake.

Her. (*With an involuntary ſmile.*) You are a

queer fish. You would make a man laugh were he ever so vexed.

Toby. D'ye see, brother? There now, you give me pleasure again.

Her. I thought so. Ha! ha! ha!

Toby. (*Joining him heartily.*) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ul. Brother Toby is a good man, were it not for his grubbing so much in the mould, and creeping through the hedges. There, he again has a caterpillar crawling on his shoulder. (*Takes it, and throws it out of the window.*) Now a cobweb, now a cluster of caterpillars.

Toby. I suffer many a thing to crawl about me, that you may not be deprived of the pleasure of taking it off.

Ul. Only let me have flowers enough for the wedding.

Toby. What! For your wedding?

Ul. You will always mock me. (*Turning to* Herman.) Dear brother, I have a favour to ask.

Her. Good sister, your requests come so seldom, and are so moderate, that I say, Amen! before I know what it is about.

Ul. You know my foster-daughter, Charlotte?

Her. A nice girl.

Ul. Heaven be praised! that she is. When our good parson died, I promised him on his death-bed that I would take care of the poor orphan. I have fulfilled my promise; I have instilled good Christian principles into her, and taught her cleanliness.

Her. So you have; and whoever tells me, that old maids are good for nothing in this world, dam'me—he shall hear from me.

Ul.

Ul. There is no circle of activity ſo confined, nor a man ſo inſignificant, but he may be of ſome uſe, if he chooſes.

Toby. And enjoy himſelf, if he chooſes.

Ul. Every good action meets with its reward; and why leſs ſo, if performed by an old maid? Fate has denied me the happineſs of becoming a mother; my careful mind and my heart have nevertheleſs procured me that pleaſure. I am a mother. I have given Charlotte an education that will make her prove a grateful child to me. Yeſterday a nice young man came from town, a merchant, clean and decent, and ſued for Charlotte. He has a tolerably good fortune, I am told; and his houſe, they ſay, is as neat and as clean as a penny.

Her. Then let him have her, and God bleſs 'em!

Ul. God bleſs 'em!

Her. Her dower is my concern.

Toby. And I'll wreath her a garland of myrtle.

Ul. My beſt thanks, brother! but then I had been thinking of indulging myſelf with a feaſt.

Toby. A feaſt! I will make one of the party.

Ul. I ſhould like to have the wedding here in the houſe, if you have no objection.

Her. Not the leaſt.

Ul. I ſhould wiſh to conduct the laſs to church myſelf, and ſee her married at the ſame altar at which ſhe was chriſtened.

Toby. Oh, nice! oh, pretty!

Ul. So, I have your ſanction?

Her. With all my heart! and whatever my kitchen and my cellar affords is at your ſervice.

Ul. God reward it t'ye. Oh! that ſhall be ſuch a wedding-day!

Toby. And to me a day of enjoyment.

Ul. (*With jovial loquacity.*) I'll have all the houſe ſcoured from top to bottom; all the windows and looking-glaſſes ſhall be cleaned with brandy and whiting. Your ſtudy too I'll arrange——

Her. (*Vehemently.*) What! my ſtudy!

Ul. Yes, brother. I don't know how you can ſit in that duſt and filth.

Her. That's nothing to you.

Ul. You might write with your finger on the tables.

Her. So much the better; that will ſave pens.

Ul. When I go in there with a train, it will quite form a cloud.

Her. You have no buſineſs there.

Ul. All the ſquares of the windows are blind.

Her. If you put me in a paſſion, I'll have 'em walled up.

Ul. You'll take a ride ſome afternoon, and meanwhile——

Her. I won't take a ride, I ſha'n't take a ride. I would rather ſee both bride and bridegroom ride to the devil.

Toby. But, brother Herman——

Her. But, brother Toby! I am on the very road to Ill-humour.

Toby. You muſt turn off then. The road to Ill-humour is a bad road. You muſt conſider that you give ſiſter as much pleaſure as I with my caterpillars.

Her. Under correction, brother. Whoever attempts to give pleaſure to every body is an aſs without any character.

Toby. (*Still calm*) But a merry fool.

Her. A paſte, that's kneaded by any man's fingers.

Toby.

Toby. A flower, that with its fragrance charms the world.

Her. A reed, that bends before every guſt.

Toby. And which no wind doth break.

Her. A man without a firm character can only pleaſe a woman.

Toby. The heart which opens to every joy meets with confidence every where.

Her. (Growing hotter and hotter.) Full hearts, empty heads!

Toby. (Is ſtartled, and gazes on him with emotion. After ſome pauſe, he whiſtles the two firſt bars of the popular ſong—" Enjoy your lives, my jolly boys.")

Her. Who has no character of his own ſubmits to the whims of ſtrangers.

Toby. (Whiſtles the two following bars.)

Her. (Starting up.) Go to the devil with your whiſtle. *(Runs off.)*

Toby. (Whiſtles the two laſt bars.)

Ul. Oh! brother Herman behaves too bad indeed.

Toby. (Leans over his roſe-buſh; wipes, unobſerved, a tear from his eye, and ſings)—" Enjoy your lives."

Ul. Each minute with him alternates in ſunſhine and rain.

Toby. "While yet the cup is fill'd with joys—"

Ul. He makes quite a ſcarecrow of himſelf.

Toby. "And cull with eagerneſs the roſe—"

Ul. And embitters his own life.

Toby. "While yet it ſmells, while yet it blows."

Her. (Returns, and reaches Toby *his hand.)*—Brother, I have offended you; forgive me.

Toby. (Shaking him by the hand.) See, brother, now you give me great pleaſure.

Her. No grudge, good Toby!

Toby. A grudge? I don't know what that is. A grudge is a thing that a man can reap no pleaſure from, and conſequently nothing that would do for me.

Her. Thoſe expreſſions eſcaped me ſo——

Toby. Had they not eſcaped you, I ſhould not have had the pleaſure of witneſſing the goodneſs of your heart.

Serv. (Comes in.) Colonel Hammer's valet is come.

Her. At laſt! Let him come in.

SCENE VI.

Enter PATZIG.

Pat. My maſter ſends me to appriſe your honour of his arrival.

Her. Where is he?

Pat. At the inn.

Her. Why not here?

Pat. He wiſhes to ſurprife the young lady in full regimentals.

Her. Go, and tell him, I like an old friend better in his morning-gown than in his regimentals. (Patzig *is going.)* I ſay, I hope to ſee your maſter, with luggage and all.

Pat. Oh, yes! Theſe ſeem to be good quarters.

Her. What arrangements has he taken about his eſtates?

Pat. Hm! There is a committee appointed by the Prince to diſpoſe of them.

Her. What? I hope——

Pat.

Pat. My maſter likewiſe did hope; but it would not do.

Her. Conſequently debts——

Pat. Oh! more numerous than the ſiles on the roof of your houſe.

Her. No matter; friend is friend: the poorer the more welcome. Go; I wait for your maſter with anxious expectation.

Ul. And when you return, friend, don't bring ſo much duſt in the rooms. [*Exit* Patzig.

SCENE VII.

HERMAN, ULRICA, TOBY.

Her. (*Quite delighted.*) Rejoice, my friends!

Toby. With all my heart. At what?

Her. What would you ſay, ſiſter, if your Charlotte and my Thereſa were to wed on one and the ſame day?

Ul. Why, there would be a great deal of work then.

Toby. But a great deal of pleaſure too. What do you mean, brother? Has any one ſued for her hand?

Her. Didn't you hear who has juſt now arrived?

Toby. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) Colonel Hammer?

Her. The very ſame.

Ul. Old Colonel Hammer?

Her. Old! old! He ayn't yet fifty.

Toby. And Thereſa?

Her. Is a child——

Toby. For that very reaſon.

Her.

Her. Whoſe happineſs I have at heart. I have ſeen many a marriage which, on a warm April even, the contracting parties had compoſed of moonſhine and the ſweet lays of the nightingale. But, ah! then came the night's froſt, and—gone was the bloſſom.

Toby. But then we neither plant roſes on a field, on which the autumnal blaſt ſweeps o'er the ſtubble.

Her. Pray, do girls chooſe well when they chooſe for themſelves?

Toby. Not always.

Her. Do they aſk the youth of twenty if he is poſſeſſed of qualities that will ſtand ten years more?

Toby. Seldom.

Her. He poſſeſſes a handſome exterior; is a good dancer; cuts a fine figure on horſeback; talks a good deal about nothing; a continual ſimper wantons on his lips; he gives a ball; ſits behind her at a play; ſtands before her at a rout; keeps her fan in his pocket, and a knot ſhe has dropt he depoſits in his boſom.—Oh! ſuch things will flatter their vanity! Can ſo ſweet a youth prove untrue? So hand in hand, and away to the altar!

Ul. Yes, yes; brother Herman is right.

Her. In ſhort, it is the preſent moment determines the inclinations and reſolutions of women. They chooſe their huſbands like their head-dreſſes, and change them with the ſelf-ſame pleaſure. No; ſuch miſery I will not load upon my child; that induced me to leave the court, and to educate her at a diſtance from the great world.

Toby.

Toby. If you meant to hide her from the ſight of Love, your labour was in vain; for the rogue will find her blindfold.

Ul. Thereſa will never beſtow her affections without my counſel.

Toby. Good ſiſter, counſellors in love generally bear only the title of counſellors.

Ul. If only the Colonel didn't take ſo much ſnuff; his noſe and fingers are quite yellow with it.

Her. He is my dear old friend.

Toby. But the girls have made it a rule, not to love any thing that is old; they don't even like old wine.

Her. We have grown up together; were pages together; ſerved together. I was a poor devil; he has often relieved me in my diſtreſs.

Toby. Why, then you ſhould marry him.

Her. He has ſpent all his property in the ſervice.

Toby. That is no recommendation with a father.

Her. He is a briſk widower.

Toby. No allurement for a daughter.

Her. May be I have to thank only him for what I am worth; for chance would have it ſo, that—but that is too long to relate. In ſhort, he needs it, and I will ſhare with him.

Toby. If you give him Thereſa, you give him the greateſt ſhare.

Her. Her heart is yet free; ſhe will with pleaſure obey me.

Toby. O yes! if you demand nothing but obedience.

Her. If you knew how I am pleaſed with this hope, you wou'dn't, with your winks and ſhrugs, ſpoil my good humour.

Toby. God forbid! A man in good humour is to me a precious jewel that glitters in the ſun; I take care not to throw my ſhadow on it.

Her. Receive him with cordiality.

Toby. If he be of a cheerful diſpoſition he ſhall be welcome to me.

Her. Don't ſuffer him to want any thing.

Ul. The ſpare rooms are prepared; he will not find the leaſt bit of duſt in them.

Her. A good glaſs of wine——.

Toby. Wine cheers the heart.

Her. A couple of dainty diſhes.

Ul. He ſhall have them.

Her. What d'ye think of thoſe partridges I killed yeſterday?

Ul. (Rather embarraſſed.) Thoſe partridges—

Her. You can dreſs them ſo nicely.

Ul. Dear brother, I am ſorry; but thoſe partridges cannot be ſerved up.

Her. Why not?

Ul. The cat has eaten 'em.

Her. There now we have it. There is no poſſibility of keeping any thing for one's ſelf; nothing is taken care of; the cats have the government of the houſe.

Ul. The larder was one minute left open——

Her. That now is my reward for running about half a day; that for my drudging and ſweating; I have brought home a roaſt—for whom? for the cats.

Ul. Thoſe ſly animals ſneak about in every corner——

Her. And Miſs ſneaks about no where. If ſhe has her coffee and flax, the deuce a bit will ſhe care for her old brother.

Ul. That was hard——

Toby.

Toby. But, brother——

Her. But, brother, ayn't you going to be glad again, that the cats have eaten my partridges?

Toby. At leaſt——

Ul. Poor Betty has ſuffered more by it than you.

Her. Betty? How could ſhe ſuffer by it?

Ul. She ran after the cat, fell down the ſtairs, and ſprained her thigh.

Her. Zounds! and that you tell me only now! —Walther! Walther! my medicine-cheſt. *(Runs off.)*

Toby. *(Smiling.)* And forgotten are the partridges.

Ul. And full pardon to the cats and me.

Toby. If he can cure Betty, he will be in as good a humour as ever.

Ul. For how long?—Oh, brother! one would —God forgive me—one would wiſh to fall ill; for thoſe that are ill fare beſt with him. [*Exit.*

Toby. May be, becauſe he is a poor patient himſelf; and therefore we ſhould likewiſe have patience with him. And why not? We have it in our option to avoid his bad humour; whilſt it will accompany him wherever he goes. Very well, the diſeaſe isn't catching; but then it is really fact: we ſhould eraſe the Turks from our litany, and put ill-humour in their place.

SCENE VIII.

Enter THERESA.

The. *(Coming in precipitately, and full of joy.)* Dear uncle! he is come!

Toby. Is he arrived already?

The. The groom; his maſter probably is not far off.

Toby. He is putting on his beſt regimentals.

The. What for?

Toby. Why, a man of his age will do all he can to pleaſe.

The. Oh! he needs no borrowed ornaments.

Toby. *(Aſtoniſhed.)* So!—indeed!—ay! I could ſcarcely have thought that a man who ſerved as page with your father ſhould proceed ſo quick in his conqueſts. Well, I am glad of it.

The. *(Surpriſed.)* I don't underſtand you.

Toby. May be you don't underſtand yourſelf.

The. You receive my meſſage with ſuch indifference! When, on other occaſions, your foſter-ſon was mentioned——

Toby. *(With eagerneſs.)* My foſter-ſon! Do you ſpeak of him?

The. Of whom elſe?

Toby. (*Starting up.*) Where? where?

SCENE IX.

Enter FABIAN.

Fab. *(Steps in in a ſtiff manner, and remains in a military poſture near the door.)*

Toby. (*With loud joy.*) Fabian! welcome, honeſt fellow! come nearer.

Fab. (*Marches a few ſteps nearer.*)

Toby. What news?

Fab. A moſt humble report from the Lieutenant.

The. Is he well?

Fab.

Fab. Thank God! there was no attack formed upon his health.

Toby. Where is he?

Fab. On his march.

The. Hither?

Fab. If it pleaſe God. The troop to-day halts at Eberſdorf, a mile from here; if the ſervice permit him, he'll come and ſpend an hour in the afternoon.

The. (*Offers him money.*) Here, Fabian, drink my health with this.

Fab. (*Without changing poſture.*) By and by, Miſs, when I'm at liberty.

Toby. Only take it; we are not on the parade. (*Sits down.*)

Fab. (*Takes it half by ſtealth, and puts it in his pocket.*)

Toby. Why has your maſter been ſo long without writing to me?

Fab. We wanted the paper for cartridges.

Toby. Have you been often in action?

Fab. Almoſt daily.

The. Has your maſter received no wounds?

Fab. None, except a couple of cuts——

The. (*Frightened.*) Cuts?

Fab. And a ball, that grazed him.

The. Oh God!

Fab. (*Smiling.*) Trifles! We ſtormed a battery——

Toby. (*Starts from his ſeat.*) A battery?

Fab. Ah! and hot work it was.

Toby. (*Lively.*) Let's hear.

Fab. It was at—at——

Toby. No matter where.

Fab. The fire of the enemy had already made a terrible havoc among a battalion of infantry, ſo

ſo that only ſingle heads were left ſtanding here and there; juſt for all the world as a dozen of corn-ears will ſtand after a hail-ſtorm.

Toby. *(Impatient.)* Spare your ſimiles. Well; proceed. Then likely the cavalry was ordered?

Fab. We ruſhed on.

The. And your maſter——

Fab. Was in the midſt of them. We might be at a diſtance of two hundred yards, when a ball whiſtled by——

The. Oh dear!

Fab. Down came the Captain.

The. And your maſter——

Fab. Diſmounted quick as lightning from his horſe.

Toby. *(Whoſe fire keeps increaſing.)* Alight, my lads! Wasn't it ſo?

Fab. In a minute we were off our horſes; ſabre in hand! we cloſe!

Toby. *(Cloſes involuntarily to* Fabian.) Further! further!

Fab. Advance! march! *(He marches a few ſteps;* Toby *with him.)*

The. I tremble.

Fab. But my maſter didn't; he inſpired us all with courage.

Toby. Well, Fabian! we muſt be under the cannon by this time.

Fab. So we are. But now we ſtand before a curſed muddy ditch, that ſtays us.

Toby. We muſt wade through.

Fab. Our ſabres between our teeth——

Toby. The carbine on high——

Fab. Now we wade——

Toby. Now we climb——

Fab. Now we are at top!

Toby. Victory!

The. And your master?

Fab. My master got a cross in his button-hole, and I this medal.

Toby. The cross? brave lad! What joys that young fellow has already caused me!—Go, ride, trot, gallop! he must come! I will rejoice! tell him I have got the rheumatism, but that I don't care a fig for it, and that, in spite of all the faculty, I am as merry as ever. *(Runs off.)*

The. Tell him likewise from me—*(She stops short.)*

Fab. What, Miss?

The. *(Embarrassed.)* Whatever you will.

Fab. *(Archly.)* You wanted to know whether he is wounded?

The. *(Anxious.)* Well, I hope he is not.

Fab. He is afflicted with a bad wound——

The. Where? where?

Fab. *(Makes a tactic movement with his hand, points at the heart, then drops his hand in the same stiff military manner, faces about to the left, and wheels off.)*

The. *(Fixes her eyes on the ground, stands immoveable, and smiles; a blush colours her cheek. After a pause, she puts her hands on her heart; lifts her eyes up to heaven; then devoutly folds them, drops them on her knees, and shakes her head with an expression of grief.)*

SCENE X.

Enter TOBY.

Toby. Dear niece——

The. *(Starts.)*

Toby. Well, what frightens you?

The.

The. I—I don't know—I think, I was frightened at my own ſelf.

Toby. I came to aſk you a queſtion: do you know Lieutenant Orphan?

The. You are joking. Shouldn't I know your foſter-ſon?

Toby. Very right, Thereſa. He is not my ſon; he is only my foſter-ſon.

The. But doesn't he give you the ſame ſatisfaction as if he were your own child?

Toby. Oh ſure, he does. But we don't ſpeak of that now. Do you know how I came by him?

The. You told me that more than once.

Toby. But you ſeem to have forgotten it. We were at the battle of——

The. They plundered a village.

Toby. He was then a corporal——

The. And penetrated with ſome grenadiers into a houſe that was on fire.

Toby. I thought it a pity ſuch a handſome young lad ſhould be fond of plunder——

The. But he carried a child out of the flames.

Toby. Well done, comrade! cried I to him; is that your booty?

The. He returned the child to its mother, and gave her his purſe into the bargain.

Toby. When the affair was over I ſought for him——

The. He concealed himſelf.

Toby. But I found him out. Who are you, my brave fellow?

The. An orphan.

Toby. What is your name?

The. Orphan.

Toby. Have you no other name?

The.

The. No.

Toby. Mind that, Thereſa! he had no other name.

The. What matters that?

Toby. Much, very much. There are, alas! many things in this world that give no pleaſure even to me; and among thoſe things are people's names: but then they exiſt.

The. And ſignify nothing.

Toby. And are of great import[illegible]

The. If that were your id[illegible], you would not have taken ſuch paternal [illegible] of him.

Toby. I did that bec[illegible] it gave me pleaſure; for me there is no harm in that: do you underſtand me, Thereſa? I may take pleaſure in a man without a name; not you.

The. Why not?

Toby. Becauſe, I ſuppoſe, your father wouldn't like it.

The. My father is a good man, and a man of ſenſe.

Toby. Child, ſenſe and health are much the ſame. There is no man upon earth who enjoys perfect health, were it but for a corn, a wen, or a ſcar he got in his infancy.—You underſtand me—and I—I have likewiſe underſtood you. When you came in ſo precipitately to acquaint me with the arrival of Fabian—when you gave him a piece of gold—oh, I have ſeen it—when you put a gold piece in his hand—when you ſo eagerly inquired after his maſter's health—when you loſt your colour at the ſtorming of the battery—Look me in the face.

The. (*Looks at him with a bluſh.*)

Toby. Yes, yes! I have underſtood you.

The. (*Laying hold of his hand.*) Dear uncle!

you that always uſed to conſider things in a merry point of view, what can make you all at once ſo ſerious?

Toby. It coſts me dear enough. But your father has formed his plans. I am fond of you; I wiſh to avert miſchief ere it be too late: or *(caſting a ſcrutinizing look on her)* is it too late already?—You don't anſwer me.

The. (Is perplexed; preſſes his hand to her boſom, then to her lips, and exit.)

SCENE XI.

TOBY *alone.*

(Shakes his head.) Hm! That will give me no pleaſure.—Patrician—Plebeian—If a chaſm muſt exiſt between you, why is not the gap yet wider?—Why are we ſuffered to caſt the eye from this bank to the oppoſite ſhore, and ſip of the fount of love?—There either Nature has been guilty of an abſurdity—or man has erred. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HERMAN, TOBY; *the latter looking out of the Window.*

Herman (*Vexed, walks up and down.*)

CURSE the rain!

Toby. Fine ſertile weather!

Her. I ſo ſeldom walk out.

Toby. That is very wrong of you.

Her. And juſt to-day, when I wiſh to go out and meet my old friend; when I have my hat and ſtick in my hand—

Toby. Behold; there comes a glorious ſtorm!

Her. I'd lay—that again gives you pleaſure.

Toby. Moſt certainly. Only think how it will refreſh your fields and my flowers.

Her. And ſplit the oaks in my park.

Toby. How ſoon it will be over, and leave only the trace of its bleſſings.

Her. Yes; juſt as it did of late, when it killed five of my ſheep.

Toby. Ah! how pleaſant it is, after a ſhower, to enjoy the free open air, and, as it were, to breathe the vivifying powers of nature!

Her. To you I might with great juſtice apply the phraſe, He ſnatches his pleaſures from the ſkies.

Toby. Look ye there, brother! Yonder the heavens are blue again.

Her. And your imagination tinged with roſe colour.

Toby. So much the better! A roſy imagination is wholeſomer than Ailhaud's powders.

Her. I can buy theſe, but I can't the other.

Toby. Buy it you can't; but you may acquire it.

Her. It is a gift of chance.

Toby. By no means; if Plutarch be right, that virtue itſelf is no more than a long habit. Why ſhould not the art of creating the pleaſures of imagination be the ſame?

Her. I know very well, that a man has written a large quarto volume on content; but I never heard of any poor devil yet to whom the medicine did any good.

Toby. That cannot be learned from books neither.

Her. How is it to be learned then?

Toby. Be cheerfully reſigned. Deſcend, if you will call it ſo, to trifling, to childiſh amuſements. Let your expectations of man not be too high flown; but expect the utmoſt from nature. Caſt a look on the next year, nay, often only on the next hour, if the preſent one be gloomy. Adopt a certain economy in your enjoyments; deprive yourſelf to-day of a little pleaſure, to ſave it for to-morrow. Be diſcreet in your pleaſures; avoid thoſe that may too much ſhake your frame, and conſequently blunt your faculties. Have a good conſcience, not purchaſed with prayers! Oh, brother Herman! man is poſſeſſed of great riches, provided he do not, like a child, ſuffer himſelf to

be bilked out of his treaſures for the toys of a court.

Her. Do you mean to ſay I was ſuch a child?

Toby. I mean to ſay that I am a fool to ſtand preaching here, whilſt refreſhed nature beckons me to enjoy her. The ſtorm is over; only gentle ſhowers deſcend. I muſt go, and put my orange-trees out. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

HERMAN *alone.*

Dear brother!—all very right. If man could always perform what he finds to be true—philoſophers muſt be demigods; and, alas! they are far from being ſo! In ſpite of all their principles of morality, they'll play as many fooliſh tricks as any other ſon of nature. The body—and its governor, the ſtomach—oh! painters are very right to repreſent angels with winged heads: give them but each a ſtomach, and their wings will ſoon be lowered.

SCENE III.

Enter Colonel HAMMER.

Col. (*Dreſſed in ſtiff regimentals, a great quantity of powder on his hair, his hat under his arm, and a ſhort cane in his hand.*) Here I am, brother!

Her. Heartily welcome! (*Embraces him.*)

Col. (*Returns the embrace, but ſo as not to derange his hair.*) You ſee I have, in honour of my bride, dreſſed myſelf up, as if I were going to the parade.

Her.

Her. So you are actually come with the intent of marrying my daughter?

Col. Upon honour! In time a man gets old—finds himself without children.

Her. No accounts yet of your fugitive son?

Col. Have I mentioned nothing to you about him?

Her. No.

Col. Forgot it. Half a year after his absconding, he wrote me a heart-piercing letter, in which he took leave of me, and went to drown himself in the Danube.

Her. Dead?

Col. As dead as a herring; and so much the better. That fellow was one of your novel heroes; he would never have come to any thing. Whereas I am now quite by myself in the world, and want nursing; I have, agreeably to the manner of our fathers, resolved to take a young wife.

Her. But my Theresa is almost a child yet.

Col. So much the better! Children, like beans, will twine round the prop.

Her. She is lively.

Col. (*Drawing himself up.*) And what am I?

Her. (*Smiling.*) You, brother?—You danced bravely at her mother's wedding.

Col. I could dance a Polish dance now.

Her. All one. The best dancers often prove to be the worst husbands.

Col. Right, brother! Our ancestors danced little and drank a good deal. Now-a-days it is quite the reverse—the effect of reading.

Her. There are no companies now without women.

Col. They even begin to intrude themselves in the clubs.

Her.

Her. Formerly our women uſed only to pay a viſit to a friend in child-bed, to go to the ſpinning club, or at fartheſt to take a diſh of coffee with an acquaintance.

Col. There never was any dancing but at weddings.

Her. And now they'll jump about every day.

Col. And rear their children among the domeſtics.

Her. To ſqueak an air, and embroider a pocket-book, is what they are taught in theſe times.

Col. But to pickle cabbage and cucumbers, is what they know nothing of.

Her. They'll tell you how many gowns their neighbours poſſeſs.

Col. But they won't tell you how much yarn a pound of flax will yield; and do you know what that proceeds from?—That proceeds from reading.

Her. In our younger years it uſed to be quite different.

Col. When we were educated at your grandfather's at the caſtle of Greifenſtein—

Her. Then the girls would ſit at dinner as ſtiff as pokers.

Col. Scarce able to breathe in their tight ſtays.

Her. Would bluſh as deep as crimſon when you looked at 'em.

Col. Never ſpeak till aſked.

Her. As ſoon as the bottles appeared—

Col. Oh! then the women muſt be off.

Her. Then my grandfather would carouſe—

Col. And we ſteal off to the garden—

Her. *(Revives more and more at the recollection of his youthful days.)* Climb upon the lofty pear-tree—

Col.

Col. And ſit there till our governor called—

Her. Herman! Leopold!—

Col. Where are ye, boys?

Her. We kept as ſnug as mice.

Col. But the curſed gardener would tip him a wink.

Her. Then he would ſtand below, and threaten.

Col. And we capitulate about the puniſhment.

Her. Who got up firſt? would he mutter.

Col. But neither would betray the other.

Her. Would he have us down to his *Cornelius Nepos*—

Col. He muſt give fair words—

Her. Or elſe we remained there.

Col. But then he would give us a nice ſweat at our books for it too—

Her. Till it ſtruck ſix.

Col. Then we looked at each other, and ſmiled.

Her. Do you recollect the ſound of that clock yet?

Col. If I were a painter I could yet paint it.

Her. Up from our ſtools!

Col. Down with the book under the table!

Her. Head over heels down the winding ſtairs!

Col. Arm in arm on the graſs-plot—

Her. To blow up the foot-ball—

Col. And up with it in the ſkies! *(The two old men begin to mimic ball-playing.)*

Her. I kick it as high as the roof of the caſtle.

Col. And yet I catch it when it comes down.

Her. I give it a thump on the ſide, that it mayn't fly over the fence.

Col. I beat it back againſt the wall.

Her. Take care you don't throw it againſt my mother's windows.

Col.

Col. (*With a mighty purchaſe.*) High over the top of the houſe!

Her. (*The ſame.*) Higher up the tower!

Col. Higheſt, up to the weather-cock!

Her. Bounce! in the gutter.

Toby. (*Who has come in during their play, and been looking at them with aſtoniſhment, burſts out in loud laughter: the two old people are ſurpriſed, and ſtand abaſhed.*) Don't let me diſturb ye; exerciſe is wholeſome. [*Exit.*

Col. Brother, we have been playing like children.

Her. Never mind; children's play is true medicine for old people: it made me quite young, and cheered my heart. An old friend who digs up ſuch recollections out of the foundered *Herculaneum* of our youth, will renew our ſtrength much ſooner than Semler's atmoſpheric gold powders.

Col. Hercules and Semler? how do they come to meet?

Her. And therefore you ſhall marry my daughter.

Col. The ſooner the better.

Her. Keep me company by the fireſide.

Col. That I will.

Her. Recall to my recollection every wanton trick, every boyiſh frolic.

Col. Matter enough for many a merry evening.

Her. Drown, with me, all the bad humour of old age in the cup of our juvenile bliſs.

Col. Well, brother, when is the wedding to be?

Her. But, my good fellow, you haven't ſeen your bride yet.

Col. I ſaw enough of her when ſhe was cutting her teeth.

Her. She is much altered ſince.

Col. She would then beat me when I got too near her.

Her. She is a ſweet ſenſible creature now.

Col. Senſible! not too much, I hope!

Her. What d'ye mean by that?

Col. Does ſhe read?

Her. O yes!

Col. What does ſhe read?

Her. All ſorts.

Col. Bad! a girl ſhouldn't read all ſorts: the Bible, a cookery-book, the Almanack, and occaſionally Miller's Moral Characters. She will henceforth be allowed no other readings.

Her. Why not?

Col. Brother, the epidemic diſeaſe among cattle is a great evil, but reading is much worſe. When our brave knights couldn't read; when they put a croſs under their deeds inſtead of their ſignatures; drew their ſwords, and ſealed with the hilt of their ſabres; thoſe were good times.

Her. Hm! in your opinion.

Col. Reading ruined my late wife—reading has buried my boy in the Danube.

Her. Ah! but now and then you'll meet with a good page.

Col. The blank pages that are bound at the beginning and end of a book, thoſe are the good pages. They have gone ſo far now-a-days as to write books even for peaſants, and called one of them, *The Diſtreſs and Help Book.* God forgive them! When a peaſant is in diſtreſs, let him ſay his prayers inſtead of reading.

Her.

Her. My Thereſa is no clown's daughter.

Col. Then ſhe may ſit with her hands acroſs, like a grand lady; for I had rather ſurpriſe a lover with her than a book.

Her. There ſhe comes with a book in her hand.

Col. Oh dear! *(He pulls a pair of white gloves out of his pocket.)*

SCENE IV.

Enter THERESA.

Her. Come hither, Thereſa! I here introduce Colonel Hammer to you, and hope you will find him to your liking.

The. (*Curtſies with dignity.*) The friend of the father has a claim to the eſteem of the daughter.

Col. (*Drawing himſelf up.*) Graceful young lady, I aſpire to the honour of becoming your champion.

The. As ſoon as my father ſhall give a tournament, I ſhall habit the valiant knight in my colours.

Col. I throw my gauntlet to the ground, and maintain, in the face of the whole world, That Thereſa Edelſhield is the moſt beautiful and the moſt chaſte virgin in the whole country.

The. I'll think of a prize to reward my champion as I ought.

Her. He has already been thinking of that himſelf.

Col. Whereas, however, thoſe glorious times are no more, when, in honour of the fair, horſes were tumbled and lances broken, it will be ne-

ceſſary, by other proofs of affection, to gain the ſweet reward of love. May I be permitted, therefore—(*Approaches with many graceful bows, very politely takes the book out of her hand, and compoſedly throws it out of the window.*)

The. (*Amazed.*) Colonel! what are you about?

Col. I combat the moſt daring of your foes.

Her. Brother! are you mad?

Col. By no means.

The. Quite a new book——

Col. New miſchief.

The. Unread yet——

Col. So much the better.

The. (*To her father.*) Schiller's Xenia, which I had this very morning received from town——

Col. They lie in the ditch.

The. (*Looking out of the window.*) Upon my word, papa, Schiller's Xenia lies in the very midſt of the mire.

Col. They are in their proper place.

The. (*Piqued.*) I don't know, Sir, what all this means——

Col. A well-meaning criterion——

The. The reſpect I bear my father retains me——

Her. (*Laughing.*) Be compoſed, child; his intention is good. He is of opinion, that reading will do women no good; and as he has choſen you for his conſort——

The. (*Quite ſtruck with amazement.*) Me?

Col. Yes, you, fair lady.

The. Pardon me, Colonel; but a lover, who ſets out by throwing my books out of the window——

Col. Is a brave nobleman of the old metal.

Her.

Her. Well, well, brother, it was too raſh indeed; ſuch things you ought, at leaſt, not to permit yourſelf before the wedding.

Col. I act with candour, and thereby tread in the footſteps of our foreſathers.

The. Your jeſt perplexes me, dear father.

Her. Child, the preſent queſtion concerns your welfare, and with that I don't jeſt.

The. What! would you in earneſt——

Her. I will not; but I wiſh——

The. That to this gentleman——

Her. You may give your hand.

The. As a wife?

Her. What elſe?

The. His age——

Her. *(Smiling.)* Is a pledge of his fidelity.

Col. Upon honour, Madam, I ſhall be as faithful to you as Herculiſcus was to his Herculadiſca.

The. *(Timidly.)* Certain manners——

Col. I am fond of the manners of our anceſtors.

Her. Child, you grow rude!

The. Don't be offended, my good father; my heart——

Her. I hope you don't yet know that you have one.

Col. That's a curſed new faſhion, that of hearts.

The. Am I ſo obnoxious to my dear father, that he wiſhes to ſacrifice me?

Her. Sacrifice?

Col. Novel-cant!

Her. Thereſa, I was ſo cheerful, ſo thoroughly pleaſed, becauſe I expected obedience from you.

The. Only obedience?

Her.

Her. I thought it would be an eaſy matter for you, with an unbiaſſed heart, to purchaſe the repoſe of your father.

The. (With a ſigh.) And my repoſe?——

Col. Fear not, Madam; your repoſe ſhall not be diſturbed by me; it ſhan't, upon honour! You ſhall ſleep till dinner, and walk about till night; only no reading.

The. Colonel, you love the manners of our fathers.

Col. By all means.

The. Conſequently, candour too?

Col. It is my favourite virtue.

The. Then I muſt confeſs, that I am not at all fit to be the honourable lady of an honourable knight.

Col. Modeſty!

The. I can neither ſpin nor weave; neither cook nor bake——

Col. We will diſpenſe with that.

The. I can only read and write.

Col. Two redundancies.

The. I can brew no herb-wine, nor prepare ſalve for wounds.

Col. It is not neceſſary in theſe times. You will ſee plenty of noſtrums in the Hambro' newſpaper.

The. Inſtead of houſe-medicines I'm only poſſeſſed of a good library.

Col. That muſt go into the ditch.

The. Then I muſt go after it.

Col. The ſame as my boy. The effect of reading!

Her. Will you put a ſtop to that affectation?

The. Oh, father!

Her.

Her. (*With more tender expreſſion.*) Are you convinced that I love you?

The. How could I doubt it?

Her. Do you think I would ſee you miſerable?

The. You certainly would not.

Her. Is your heart at liberty?

The. (*Heſitating.*) Yes.

Her. Well, then there is no violence in the caſe. You are going to be united to a worthy, ſteady man; he is not likely to dally much with you; but he will prove your friend, and that is more.

The. His age needs only friendſhip, but mine—

Her. You will make your old father happy; you will recompenſe him for not having obtruded a ſtepmother on you. Need I ſay more?

The. (*Wrings her hands in anguiſh.*)

Her. Is that all your anſwer?

The. (*Folds her hands, entreating.*)

Her. Go out of my ſight! I cannot bear thoſe manners. The daughter who wrings her hands when it depends on her to eſtabliſh the happineſs of her father, knows neither duty nor tenderneſs. Go to your room, tumble over your novels; and if you find one among them that preaches diſobedience, throw it in the mire after Schiller's Xenia.

[Thereſa *withdraws in tears.*

SCENE V.

HERMAN, *Colonel* HAMMER.

Her. (*Is vexed, turns his handkerchief about in his hands, and bites the corner.*)

Col.

Col. Be eaſy, brother; all maiden baſhfulneſs! nothing elſe. She'll get the better of it.

Her. And her averſion?

Col. She'll get the better of it.

Her. And her tears——

Col. Will dry up.

Her. Her groans——

Col. Will ceaſe.

Her. It is enough to drive a man mad. I have carried that plan ſo long about with me, and nurſed it as a gardener nurſes a ſapling, in hopes of enjoying its ſhade, when it ſhall have grown to a tree, in his old age.

Col. You ſhouldn't have allowed her any books. All that is the effect of reading.

Her. Ay, nonſenſe! *(Vexed.)*

Col. What do people read the thoughts of ſtrangers for, but to forget their own?

Her. If their own thoughts are ſtupid, they act wiſely.

Col. Reading is——

Her. An agreeable entertainment.

Col. Time is valuable; we ſhall be called to an account of it. But reading is——

Her. Better than ſmoking tobacco.

Col. No ſuch thing, brother! Whilſt you ſmoke your pipe you may reflect on many things. A cloud of ſmoke—*Sic tranſit gloria mundi!* But reading is——

Her. I entreat you, for Heaven's ſake, brother, give over! You ſee that I am all in a blaze, and you keep pouring oil in the fire.

Col. Then let us ſeek for diverſion. Let's go to the ſtable. Have you any fine horſes?

Her. No.

Col. Any dogs?

Her. No.

Col. Any pipe-heads?

Her. No.

Col. What then have you?

Her. I have a daughter that will fire my brain.

Col. Get ye ſome pipe-heads. Nothing will cool a hot head more effectually than the warm head of a pipe.

Her. (With a ſneer.) Indeed?

Col. I order mine from Poland, and I can furniſh you with the beſt directions.

Her. (With ſtifled anger.) Well, that is very lucky.

Col. Or elſe, brother, they will cheat you; for there are ſuch unconſcientious infidels as will manufacture counterfeited heads, boil them in linſeed oil and dragon's blood——

Her. (Takes him rather roughly by the hand.) Come along, brother, I'll ſhow you the way.

Col. Which way?

Her. Which you pleaſe.

Col. You have no horſes; no dogs. Have you an armoury by chance?

Her. Yes, I have.

Col. Charming! charming! Now you ſhall admire my knowledge

Her. You may likely find it in confuſion

Col. In confuſion? Ay, ay! the effect of reading!

Her. Again? *(Laughing with anger.)* The other day I killed a mad dog; don't you think, that too was the effect of reading?

Col. Very poſſible. A man that reads much will neglect his dogs, and then the poor dumb animals muſt run mad of courſe.

Her. Go to the devil. *(Runs off.)*

Col. The devil is among books, and not among guns. *(Goes after him.)*

SCENE VI.

Enter TOBY, *followed by ſeveral Servants, carrying flower-pots.*

Toby. Only put the pots here on this window that has the ſetting ſun. *(The Servants put the pots as ordered, and exeunt.* Toby *alone buſied about the flowers.)* After all, flowers are better off in this world than man. Who will carry a man to enjoy the evening ſun, if he can't carry himſelf? A ſweet flower is nurſed and cheriſhed; that is ſeldom the caſe with man;—and how oft is not a capital man-plant deſtroyed becauſe it ſtands in the way of ſome man-weed?—Come hither, thou beautiful hyacinth—ſo—open thy calices—thou art indeed almoſt gone—thou art like me—thy firſt bells are already withered—But, God! thou haſt ſent me too a little ſunſhine in the evening of life.

SCENE VII.

Enter THERESA.

The. (Looks round timorouſly, and then ſteps in with precipitation.) Oh, dear uncle!

Toby. What is the matter? You know, I don't like your ahs and ohs.

The. I muſt ſigh; for my father will have me ſigh my young life away.

Toby. That is not his will.

The. He will have me marry that old diſagreeable Colonel.

Toby.

Toby. Hm! if I tie this lily to a dry ſtick, I give it a prop.

The. Do I want that, while my father lives?

Toby. But your father cannot live for ever.

The. Is the Colonel any younger, then?

Toby. (Embarraſſed.) I can't ſay he is.

The. And can I love him?

Toby. (With a ſhrug.) I don't know.

The. No, I can't, believe me, uncle! I can't indeed.

Toby. Then tell him ſo.

The. I have told him.

Toby. And won't he believe ye?

The. At leaſt he don't care.

Toby. He may perhaps think, that a young girl, like you, don't know what love means.

The. Oh, there he is deceived.

Toby. So?—I am ſorry for it.

The. (Laying her hands round his waiſt.) Dear uncle! help me.

Toby. To what?

The. You have long ſince diſcovered——

Toby. What?

The. Save me the confeſſion——

Toby. Are you perhaps in love with me?

The. You jeſt——

Toby. I thank you for the compliment.

The. You are ſo good——

Toby. Do you want to bribe me?

The. You delight to ſee people happy.

Toby. Not at the expenſe of others.

The. My wiſhes——

Toby. Your wiſhes ought to be ſubordinate to your duties.

The. I always thought my duties ſprung from my heart.

Toby. I hope ſo.

The. Why then can't I find this one in it?

Toby. May be, your paſſion has expelled it thence.

The. What muſt I do then?

Toby. Root out the paſſion.

The. And if that were impoſſible?

Toby. Suffer in ſilence, and obey.

The. You are uncommonly ſevere to-day.

Toby. Are you too one of thoſe, whoſe friendſhip we forfeit as ſoon as we adopt a different language from what they like?

The. No, my good uncle! my ſecond father! I will follow you; but you muſt treat me like a child, whoſe paper you rule, that it may not write crooked.

Toby. (Tapping her on the ſhoulder.) Yes, my ſweet girl, I will be your writing-maſter.

The. You wiſh to ſee me happy; don't you now?

Toby. By all means.

The. And if it were poſſible——

Toby. What?

The. Oh, I love him with all my heart.

Toby. Whom?

The. And now he has an order, methinks he is as good a nobleman as Siegfried of Lindenberg.

Toby. A pity he isn't as rich too as Siegfried of Lindenberg.

The. My father don't care for that.

Toby. Does the young man know your ſentiments?

The. O yes!

Toby. Did he ever venture to make you any offer?

The. O no.

Toby.

Toby. And yet you agree?

The. That will come about, one don't know how.

Toby. Did you you ſtop at the language of the eyes? or——

The. *(Shamefaced.)* I have given him a ring.

Toby. A ring?

The. As a remembrance.

Toby. And what has he given you?

The. *(Caſts a timid glance on a hair-ring, which ſhe wears on her little finger.)*

Toby. So, ſo; I underſtand the pantomime. Girl, you have been playing a fooliſh trick.

The. My heart dictated it to me.

Toby. So much the worſe! and my foſter-ſon has played you a bad trick.

The. You wrong him. He is the moſt diſcreet, the moſt noble youth.

Toby. But that ring——

The. He has a hundred times requeſted me to beſtow my heart on a worthier man.

Toby. And why don't you?

The. Becauſe—becauſe I couldn't find a worthier one.

Toby. And becauſe he probably was not in earneſt.—Be wiſe, break off the connexion. Such flowers as thoſe will not thrive. The froſt of the paternal curſe——

The. God and my heart will ſhelter me from that!

Toby. Truſt in God, not in your heart.

The. Love will improve human nature. I have reſolution to ſacrifice myſelf for my father, if requiſite.

Toby. If the young fellow does not cheriſh the ſame ſentiments, he is undeſerving of your affections.

The.

The. Speak gently to him.

Toby. When did you ever hear me make uſe of ungentle language? I wiſh only—I am not pleaſed with his viſit. You muſt not ſee each other for the preſent.

The. How long?

Toby. I wouldn't adviſe you for theſe firſt thirty years to come.

The. You jeſt. Who knows how the dice may fall yet?

Toby. Whoever ſtands waiting his deſtiny, like a man that ſtands waiting the throw of a die at a gaming-table, is a fool.

The. If only I am permitted to remain ſingle; if only I am not forced to marry the old Colonel! adviſe me to any thing, good uncle, except to that.

Toby. Good child! what advice can I give you? Apply in a direct way to himſelf; diſcloſe candidly to him the ſituation of your heart: if he is a man of a noble mind and refined feelings, why then he will recede of his own accord.

The. I will. I may perhaps ſucceed to rouſe his feelings; perhaps even to find an advocate in him.

Toby. Ho, ho! There our hope ſoars again above the clouds! I hope its wings are not made of wax. Be cautious; do not expoſe yourſelf. Who proceeds ſlowly, will ſeldom thruſt a thorn in his foot. *(He gently taps her cheek, ſhe kiſſes his hand;* Toby *exit.)*

The. All kindneſs and good-nature!—What a pity he never experienced love! or elſe he would know, that a dart in the heart is more painful than a thorn in the foot.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter COLONEL.

Col. I am, upon my honour, glad, Madam, to meet with you; for, between us, your father's armoury is good for nothing.

The. He is no connoiſſeur.

Col. French guns in every corner; here and there a Milaneſe one; chiefly manufactory goods. One ſingle Cronach fowling-piece by John Limmon; that one is good, but ruſty.

The. My uncle uſed formerly——

Col. No; you ſhall ſee quite different machines in my collection. I have got Pickel's, Miller's, Stegelin's——

The. May I——.

Col. I have ſome by John Stegneiter of Salſburg——

The. Dear Colonel!——

Col. I have ſome by Melchior Wetſchgen of Villingen.

The. I am not at all verſed in thoſe matters.

Col. What? You are a miſchievous little rogue. You have hit me, as if you had taken aim with a rifle-gun.

The. It was quite involuntary.

Col. Well, well! there is no harm. When ſuch a Diana makes her appearance—*(By way of inſtructing.)* Diana, with the blind heathens, was the goddeſs of the chaſe.

The. And an enemy to the male ſex.

Col. I hope to ſee you ſome time a match for my deceaſed mother. She would kill a hare from her horſe: and when ſhe was alone, ſhe'd now and then ſmoke her pipe.

The.

The. I conjure you, by the memory of that worthy mother of yours——

Col. Fair lady, no conjuring, pray! thoſe are the works of Satan.

The. Truſting to your generoſity——

Col. Ay, that will do well enough: generoſity is a virtue inherent in a knight.

The. You have intended me the honour——

Col. Moſt humbe ſervant! the honour is on my ſide.

The. (*Modeſtly.*) But not love.

Col. So much the better.

The. How, Colonel!

Col. I know well enough, that of late the curſed faſhion has prevailed of falling in love before the wedding; but that is wrong; that's not agreeable to the manners of our fathers.

The. According to my notions——

Col. Child! you have derived your notions from reading. Three hundred years ago there was no reading, and no falling in love neither.

The. The novels which repreſent the manners of ancient chivalry aſſert quite the contrary.

Col. I wiſh all the novel-writers were buried under the ruins of the oldeſt caſtle of my family. In the fifteenth century, a well-bred lady would not have ventured to look her lord in the face till three days after their marriage, at leaſt.

The. And if ſhe had a diſlike to him——

Col. She would love him for all that—as ſhe ought.

The. Hearts and peaſants were then ſubjected to vaſſalage.

Col. If, therefore, you do aſſure me, that you don't love me as yet, it gives me great ſatisfaction to hear it.

The. Oh! and that is the only ſatisfaction I am able to give you.

Col. Becauſe from thence I can ſufficiently infer, that you have received a retired and chaſte education, ſuch as is becoming a German lady of rank.

The. I ſhould have thought myſelf particularly fortunate a year ago, to ſee a man of your deſerts—

Col. Your moſt obedient.

The. In whom the frankneſs of old knighthood is revived——

Col. (Increaſing in civilities.) Your moſt obedient.

The. Enſlaved by what few charms I may be poſſeſſed of——

Col. Your ſlave in chains.

The. But—I have already beſtowed my affections upon another——

Col. (Startled.) What?

The. The niceſt young man!

Col. (Is embarraſſed, coughs, and pulls his ruffles.) So!

The. Oh! I love him ſo dearly; with ſuch ardour——

Col. The effect of reading.

The. He has got all my heart.

Col. He muſt return it.

The. Never!

Col. He has ſtole it.

The. I gave it him.

Col. Without your father's conſent.

The. Surpriſed by love——

Col. A young lady muſt never ſuffer herſelf to be ſurpriſed; for that will often lead to dreadful conſequences.

The. You are a nobleman——

Col. Beyond all doubt. My family has admittance in all the chapters of Germany.

The. You won't make a bad uſe of this diſcovery?

Col. Not in the leaſt. I'll break the young fellow's neck, and have done with him.

The. My love would follow him in the grave.

Col. There I won't grudge him your affections.

The. Would you ſee perpetual melancholy cloud the brow of your conſort?

Col. I am poſſeſſed of an infallible remedy againſt that. My Briſk: there is a dog for you! that will put your ſoul in raptures.

The. You are jeering at me, Colonel. I have not deſerved that from you.

Col. Child, you deſerve a good huſband; and that you ſhall have.

The. I confided in your generoſity.

Col. (Pretending to miſtake her.) To be ſure: I pity your youth. We ſhould cover the defects of our fellow-creatures with charity.

The. Such were the ſentiments of the old honeſt knights!

Col. And as you are of noble birth, and conſequently of my ſpecies——

The. He too deſerves your friendſhip.

Col. So! *(Coughs.)* What is his name, pray?

The. (With diffidence.) You won't, I hope——

Col. If I ſhall do any thing for him, child, I ought at leaſt to know his name.

The. Well then—his name is Orphan.

Col. Orphan? Orphan? I don't know that family.

The. His merit is his only wealth; and his heart makes up for the deficiency of his pedigree.

Col. What? not even a nobleman?

The. He has acquired the very beſt nobility: from a common ſoldier he roſe by his own deeds to the

the rank of a lieutenant, and with his own blood purchaſed the order *Pour le Merite.*

Col. Thus a *Chevalier de fortune!* And where is this young hero to be met with?

The. Not far off. He halts to-day with his troop at Eberſdorf.

Col. 'Tis well. I'll ſpeak with him.

The. Aſſure him of my unalterable conſtancy.

Col. I will aſſure him that he is a raſcal.

The. How ſo, Colonel?

Col. That he has diſgraced the family of Edelſhield.

The. (Vexed.) Nothing but ill-natured malicious ſentiments will diſgrace a man.

Col. That he ſhall on the ſpot renounce you——

The. That he won't.

Col. Or that he ſhall hear my Lazarino Comminazzo piſtols whiſtle about his ears.

The. You have deceived an unſuſpecting girl; you have tricked me out of the name and reſidence of my beloved; you want to ſever two fond hearts; you mean with violence to drag me to the altar. By that, Sir, you diſgrace your anceſtors.

Col. What? I diſgrace my anceſtors!

The. But it will avail you nothing. I won't marry you for all that.

Col. We'll ſee that.

The. Lieutenant Orphan will take it upon himſelf to reply to your threats.

Col. Lieutenant Orphan! ha! ha! ha!

The. If he could take a battery, he well knows how to manage an invalid.

Col. An invalid? Zounds!

The. As you are already acquainted with every circumſtance, and as I don't think it worth while to conceal any thing from you; I muſt tell you one

thing more, Colonel. The Lieutenant has got a ring of me, which I gave him as a pledge of my fidelity. We agreed, that I ſhould be free as ſoon as, by the hand of his rival, he ſhould return me that ring. *(Curtſies to him with contemptuous mockery.)* Now try your good fortune. Bring me that ring, and you ſhall have my hand. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Colonel HAMMER *alone,*

(Striking his cane againſt the ground.) That's the effect of reading. But let me have her in my caſtle, and no book ſhall enter my doors! Then I'll write to Berlin for a cuſtomhouſe-officer, who ſhall watch at my gate, and ſearch every mouſe-trap merchant's pockets, ſo that not even an almanack ſhall be ſmuggled in.—Who waits there? Patzig!

SCENE X.

Enter PATZIG.

Col. You repair directly to Eberſdorf.

Pat. Eberſdorf.

Col. There you inquire for a certain Lieutenant Orphan.

Pat. Lieutenant Orphan.

Col. A huſſar, cuiraſſier, what do I know, of the horſe.

Pat. Horſe.

Col. You give him the compliments of your maſter——

Pat. Of his honour, Colonel Hammer.

Col. No ſuch thing; nothing but the compliments of your maſter. That fellow is only a plebeian.

It

It muſtn't even tranſpire what my intentions are concerning him.

Pat. But ſuppoſe he aſks who my maſter is?

Col. Then you tell him, that he will have my acquaintance ſoon enough; for that I am determined to blow his brains out.

Pat. Bra—!

Col. Becauſe he had the inſolence to covet my bride.

Pat. But if he ſhould take the compliment amiſs?

Col. He is a commoner, I tell ye.

Pat. (Rubbing his back.) The fiſts of a commoner——

Col. Hold your tongue, and ride. As ſoon as I have cleaned and loaded my piſtols, I'll get on my brown ſtone-horſe, and gallop after ye.

Pat. That were againſt decorum; for then your honour would be behind me.

Col. (Lifts up his cane.)

Pat. (Withdraws frightened.) Ay! that's a different caſe.

Col. (Chaſes him nearer and nearer the door.) Do you know this?

Pat. But too well.

Col. Have you underſtood me?

Pat, Perfectly.

Col. Will you ride?

Pat. I will ride. [*Exit ſubmiſſive.*

Col. A ſtout ſound cane is a nice thing though! *(Brandiſhing his cane.)* Give me a dozen philoſophers, and I'll argue them all to the ground.—I am apt to think that fellow has ſet about reading too. That diſeaſe is as catching as the plague. And unleſs ſome meaſure be ſoon adopted againſt it, people will read all ſubordination out of the world. [*Exit,*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A Country Room at Eberſdorf.

SCENE I.

Lieutenant ORPHAN *alone—ſtanding at the window, with his arms acroſs.*

IMPOSSIBLE! The fellow muſt have been thrown from his horſe, or met with ſome other accident.—*(Walking up and down in apparent uneaſineſs, and now and then looking out of the window.)* He's got a horſe that at any time, for a wager, will run five miles in five-and-twenty minutes.—*(Pauſe.)* Should they perhaps detain him there? Should Thereſa detain him?—*(Pauſe.)* My good foſter-father is not ill, I hope;—or Thereſa.—*(With impatience.)* Fabian! Fabian! I requeſted you to make haſte.—(*He diſcovers him at a diſtance.*) There he is coming round the corner at laſt; curſe the fellow, as ſlow as a ſnail! (*Making ſignals of impatience to him with his hand.*) Ay, ſure; if he has walked his horſe ſo all the way, no wonder he ſhould drive my patience to deſpair.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter FABIAN, *rather tipſy.*

Lieut. Tell me, for Heaven's ſake, where have you been all this time?

Fab. In a merry ſkin, Sir.

Lieut. I think you are drunk, you ſcoundrel.

Fab. Drunk? no! Fabian Krumholz never gets drunk; only a little groggy. He! he! he!

Lieut. Who has made you drink?

Fab. The landlord of the White Pigeon, half a mile off. D'ye recollect the red-noſed chap?

Lieut. Is it poſſible, inſtead of riding to Edelſhield Caſtle, you have been tipling at an alehouſe?

Fab. God forbid! I am coming ſtraight from Edelſhield Caſtle.

Lieut. Are they all well?

Fab. Brave and hearty, all but the young lady.

Lieut. (*Eagerly.*) What! is ſhe ill?

Fab. I can't ſay ſhe looks unwell; but then ſhe muſt be ill, for ſhe bid me drink to her health.

Lieut. You fool you! how you have frightened me!

Fab. And ſo I did as ſhe bade me, and I dare ſay ſhe feels much better by this time.

Lieut. What did ſhe ſay?

Fab. She gave me a gold piece, and ſaid, There, honeſt Fabian! drink to my health.

Lieut. Was that all ſhe ſaid?

Fab. It was, at leaſt, the beſt part of it.

Lieut. Did ſhe not inquire after me?

Fab.

Fab. Oh ſure, ſhe inquired.

Lieut. Well; what queſtions did ſhe put to you?

Fab. Why—thoſe people generally will put. I muſt tell her how it went when we ſtormed the battery; and the Captain was good enough to ſtorm it over once more with me. When we were wading through the ditch, the young lady was near fainting with anguiſh.

Lieut. (*Pleaſed.*) Indeed!

Fab. And when the Captain halloo'd out, Victory! her eyes ſparkled with fire.

Lieut. And ſhe gave you a piece of gold? Where is it?

Fab. The landlord of the White Pigeon has got it.

Lieut. You blockhead you! I'd have given you double value for it.

Fab. But I had orders to drink. When the bottle was empty, I ſlowly and contentedly proceeded hither.

Lieut. Slowly? Well done!

Fab. My head was rather ſomewhat heavy.

Lieut. Of your maſter's heavy heart you never had a thought all the while?

Fab. No; I never thought of that, upon my ſoul! The young lady and wine, wine and the young lady, was all that engaged my attention at the time.

Lieut. I'll take a ride to her.

Fab. Muſt I ſaddle your horſe?

Lieut. Stupid queſtion! by all means. My buſineſs is done this long while.

Fab. Had but the young lady given me no buſineſs at the White Pigeon! (*Going.*)

SCENE III.

Enter PATZIG.

Pat. Does Lieutenant Orphan live here?

Fab. That gentleman lives here.

Pat. He may appear a gentleman to thee, for aught I know.

Fab. Where did we ever profeſs fellowſhip, you uncivil clown you?

Lieut. Who are you, my lad? what do you want?

Pat. His honour, my maſter, ſends his compliments.

Lieut. Who is your maſter?

Pat. A nobleman.

Lieut. What is his name?

Pat. He don't chooſe to expoſe his name in this affair.

Lieut. In what affair?

Pat. In the quality of a nobleman of an old family, he can't fight a duel with a commoner.

Lieut. Why! then he may leave it alone.

Pat. But very important reaſons compel him to blow your brains out.

Lieut. My brains?

Pat. If you are Lieutenant Orphan.

Fab. (*Clenches his fiſt at him.*) The Lieutenant.

Lieut. Let the ſilly fellow talk.—(*To* Patzig.) Do I know your maſter?

Pat. No.

Lieut. And his name is a ſecret?

Pat. Yes.

Lieut. And the cauſe of the challenge likewiſe?

Pat. My maſter caught you in purſuit of his game.

Lieut. He muſt be miſtaken then, for I am no poacher.

Pat. Game figuratively ſignifies his bride.

Lieut. Bride! What bride?

Pat. The noble lady, Miſs Thereſa Edelſhield.

Lieut. What! She a bride?

Pat. And within a ſe'nnight married.

Lieut. You lie, you wretch!

Pat. You may call me names, but my maſter will avenge me.

Lieut. Go, and tell your bragging anonymous, he may come, if he chooſe, to look like a fool. But let him be quick, leſt I pay him a viſit.

Pat. You won't be waiting long. (*Going.*)

Fab. Comrade——

Pat. (*Scornful.*) Comrade! I am in the ſervice of a nobleman.

Fab. Well; not comrade then, but ſcoundrel! Whilſt our maſters fire a brace of piſtols at each other, I think we might take to our broad-ſwords, and ſhave one another's beards a bit.

Pat. When I catch you running after my bride, I'll conſider if I may deſcend ſo low.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Lieutenant ORPHAN *and* FABIAN.

Lieut. (*Walking up and down in great agitation.*) What is this?—Can it be poſſible?—Thereſa a bride?—Thereſa perjured?—I have indeed no claims upon her—her voluntary oath ſhall not bind her—that was my laſt word in the hour of ſeparation.

ſeparation.—But that I ſhould be appriſed of her cruel reſolution by a ſtrange ſervant—that ſhe ſhould not have the humanity to give me a compaſſionate hint of it herſelf——

Fab. If I were you, Sir, *(ſnapping his fingers,)* I wouldn't believe as much as this of the whole ſtory.

Lieut. Who is this pretender without a name, who will break my neck after he has broke my heart?

Fab. Very likely ſome poor ſwain that was rejected, and who, as he cannot fight the young lady, means to fight you.

Lieut. Did you ſee a ſtranger at the Caſtle?

Fab. No; but I now recollect that they were talking of the arrival of one.

Lieut. Of one that was to marry the young lady?

Fab. No ſuch thing! Nor have I obſerved the leaſt ſymptoms of a wedding; no cakes, no wine-bottles.

Lieut. Reach me my piſtols.

Fab. (*Taking them from the wall.*) They are yet loaded. But, Sir——

Lieut. What d'ye want?

Fab. If there were again a battery to ſtorm, I'd give my conſent with all my heart; but to ſtake one's life at the requeſt of every fool——

Lieut. Is it my fault?

Fab. Would you follow him if he jumped into the water? and there is as much ſenſe, upon my ſoul, in the one as in the other.—Pardon me for making ſo free. You are a brave but a young man; and when your foſter-father choſe me to attend you, he gave me a right to ſpeak a word more than what, under different circumſtances, might be fit.

Lieut. I thank you, honeſt fellow! You are right; and in every other caſe I would point at my breaſt, and ſay to myſelf, Thou haſt ſhown thy courage in the defence of thy country: thy country alone has a claim to thy life. But here—Thereſa is the prize!—I ſha'n't be able to liſten to reaſon.

Fab. (*Who is juſt looking through the window.*) There is ſome one alighting from his horſe.

Lieut. Ha! my blood boils!

Fab. That fellow has been trotting ſharp; his horſe ſmokes.

Lieut. Is it he?

Fab. A man in regimentals. He is ſtepping up to the houſe.

Lieut. Is he armed?

Fab. He carries a brace of piſtols under his arm.

Lieut. (*Snatching the piſtol that is lying on the table.*) He's welcome!

SCENE V.

Enter Colonel HAMMER.

Lieut. (*Is ſtartled, drops the piſtol, covers his face with his hands, and mutters*) My father!

Col. You are Lieutenant Orphan, young gentleman?

Lieut. (*Still with his face turned aſide in great confuſion.*)

Col. If you are aſhamed to ſhow your face, I requeſt you at leaſt to favour Colonel Hammer with a reply.

Lieut. (*Turns to him, almoſt ſubmiſſive. With a tone*

tone of voice ſomewhat altered.) I—yes—I am Lieutenant Orphan.

Fab. (Expreſſing, by geſtures, his aſtoniſhment at his maſter's conduct.)

Col. You have ſeduced Miſs Edelſhield.

Lieut. That expreſſion is harſh.

Col. You have ſpoken of your affection with her.

Lieut. My love for her is no crime.

Col. Moſt certainly it is: you are only a plebeian.

Lieut. I flattered myſelf with the hopes of deſerving her hand by my deeds.

Col. But her hand is already diſpoſed of.

Lieut. May I aſk to whom?

Col. To me, young gentleman!

Lieut. (Shrugging up his ſhoulders.) The lady has a right to diſpoſe, to her liking, of her own perſon.

Col. Then you renounce your claims?

Lieut. I never had any.

Col. (With a ſneer.) Indeed? Well, that's turned off admirably. You had been repreſented to me in the light of a Hector.

Lieut. I have given proofs of my valour to my king.

Col. Very well. I am come to demand two things of you.

Lieut. Demand, Sir.

Col. Firſt, your word of honour, that you will not ſee Miſs Edelſhield any more.

Lieut. Oh! if ſhe be actually engaged, I give it you.

Col. Secondly, you muſt deliver up to me a certain ring, which you ſome time ſince received of her.

Lieut. A ring?

Col. Yes, Sir, a ring! I'll not ſtir from this ſpot till it be in my poſſeſſion.

Lieut. I entreat you, Colonel, be ſatisfied with the triumph you have obtained over a fatherleſs youth. Leave me that ring, in which now all my wealth is centred.

Col. No, no! I muſt have the ring.

Lieut. You are going to be married to the young lady; Thereſa is going to be your conſort; what can that inſignificant ring avail you?

Col. I don't care, I muſt have the ring.

Lieut. Be generous!

Col. I won't.

Lieut. You once had a ſon—he was my friend.

Col. Pretty cronies!

Lieut. Leave me that ring, as a father's bequeſt to his ſon.

Col. Come; no fuſs about it! I won't.

Lieut. (*Sternly.*) Colonel! I have obeyed the dictates of my duty; but with that ring I won't part.

Col. No? We'll ſee that.

Lieut. Do as you think proper.

Col. Take up your piſtols—meaſure your diſtance.

Lieut. I will not draw a trigger.

Col. May be you are better ſkilled in the ſword? Oh! there too you will have your man to meet. (*Lays down his piſtols, and draws his ſword.*)

Lieut. I won't fight.

Col. Draw, you coward!

Lieut. Be your language ever ſo injurious, I ſha'n't draw.

Col. (*In a rage.*) You ſcoundrel! I'll run you through.

Lieut. Well then, murder your unfortunate ſon!

Col. (*Drops his ſword.*) My ſon?

Lieut. I am your ſon. I am that unfortunate

Charles,

Charles, whom you turned out of doors; who wandered as a beggar in the open world, till he met with a man of feeling that ſupported him: I am that Charles, who, by himſelf, cleared the road to honour, he wiſhed to tread, and ſtrove to acquire the nobility, which he ſome time, of his own accord, renounced.

Col. (*Leaning on his ſword.*) Are you actually my ſon Charles?

Lieut. Have none of my features remained in your heart?

Col. Yes, yes! I recollect you. But why did you write me word, you had drowned yourſelf in the Danube?

Lieut. To appeaſe you, if poſſible, by my death.

Col. You have behaved as a brave ſoldier, I'm told; I am glad of it. Give me the ring, and I ſhall be reconciled to you.

Lieut. Father——

Col. You owe me obedience.

Lieut. I know it.

Col. Then obey.

Lieut. Oh, my father! where is the child that has ſublimer notions of filial duty than I have?

Col. Prove it.

Lieut. Can I prove it better than by renouncing all the rights innocent love gave me?

Col. But ſhe won't have me if I return without the ring.

Lieut. Do you love Thereſa as I do?

Col. No.

Lieut. And yet——

Col. I muſt either marry her or be ſtarved.

Lieut. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) What?

Col. My fortune is gone; I am indebted every where; I am threatened with arreſt.

Lieut.

Lieut. I'll be your ſecurity.

Col. You? Lieutenant Pennyleſs?

Lieut. Leave me the girl, and take her fortune.

Col. I live upon the bounty of my ſon?

Lieut. On the affections of your ſon.

Col. No: I won't do that. Now let's ſee what you are good for! Have not you always maintained that reading improves the heart, makes man acquainted with his duties, and more forcibly inculcates them? Now let's ſee what you have learned in your books. Here ſtands your old father, without ſupport; a man of honour, threatened with a gaol. Oppoſite him ſtands his ſon, who has it in his power to alleviate his ſufferings; who need but pull a paltry ring from his finger to ſave him. What do your books ſay to that? what ought a good ſon to do in a ſimilar caſe?

Lieut. (After a ſhort conflict.) He muſt, if it were to break his heart. *(Takes the ring from his finger.)* Here, father!

Col. (Eagerly putting the ring in his pocket.) At laſt! This is obeying the fifth commandment after the manner of our fathers. Now you ſhall again be my ſon Charles. You muſt not come to me, on account of your ſtepmother; d'ye underſtand me? But I permit you to write letters to me, and I will now and then anſwer them. Farewell! *(Going.)*

Lieut. (With grief.) My father! Am I not, in return for ſuch a ſacrifice, to enjoy the long-wiſhed happineſs of a father's embrace?

Col. Come; embrace me!

Lieut. (Precipitates himſelf in his arms, and preſſes him eagerly to his boſom.)

Col. (Struggling to repreſs a remainder of his feelings.) That's enough. Farewell!

Lieut. I obey—I ſhall never ſee you more!—

But

But if ever you fall ill, and feel your end approach, promiſe me, that you will then at leaſt ſend for me, and give me your bleſſing.

Col. (Repreſſing his obtruding emotions, and giving him his hand.) Upon honour! *(Pauſe, during which the conflict between his paternal feelings, and his endeavours to ſtifle them, are very viſible. He ſays very quick)* God bleſs ye! *(And exit precipitately.)*

SCENE VI.

Lieutenant ORPHAN, *and* FABIAN.

Lieut. (Is ſtunned.)

Fab. Under correction, Sir; but you have a father there—

Lieut. (Firmly.) Whom you ſhall mention with reſpect.

Fab. Oh yes; out of love for you, for you have acted as—

Lieut. As a ſon.

Fab. The whole ſcene is above my comprehenſion.

Lieut. And you will do beſt to forget it.

Fab. What title am I to give you henceforth?

Lieut. The ſame as before.

Fab. Hm! A nobleman that paſſes himſelf upon the world as a commoner—

Lieut. Is not a worſe nobleman for that.

Fab. Does your foſter-father know—

Lieut. No; nor ſhall he know.

Fab. You owe him confidence,

Lieut. And ought to ſpare the character of my father.

Fab. We ought however to take a ride to him.

Lieut. Have you already forgotten?

Fab. He will wait for you.

Lieut. (Muſing.) True enough.

Fab. What will he think of you, if you diſappoint him?

Lieut. My father will relate to him—

Fab. He'll leave that alone, I dare ſay.

Lieut. Then I muſt leave it to God.

Fab. The good old man will think you very giddy.

Lieut. Very likely.

Fab. Ungrateful!

Lieut. Oh! that would grieve me.

Fab. I think we had better ſaddle our horſes, and proceed.

Lieut. Never! I have given my word.

Fab. Well, then I will ride; I have not given my word.

Lieut. That you ſhall. I'll write to my foſter-father. An excuſe is ſoon found; a ſudden order to march, or ſomething ſimilar. But you muſtn't blab, mind!

Fab. Then I muſtn't ſtop with the landlord of the White Pigeon neither; for elſe his wine would ſet my tongue a-going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

THERESA, ULRICA, *and* TOBY. *(Who is juſt knocking out the aſhes of his pipe, and laying it on the table.)*

Ul. Where can our gueſt be gone to?

Toby. If we lived in the times of the cruſades, I might hope he had taken a trip to the holy ſepulchre.

Ul.

Ul. He galloped off juſt like Death in Burger's Leonora.

The. And juſt ſo he will carry me home.

Toby. May be he has taken offence at your frankneſs, and gone off with French leave.

The. Oh, no; he threatened to take a ride to Eberſdorf.

Toby. To Eberſdorf?

The. To revive the ancient fiſt-right, and bully the Lieutenant out of my ring.—

Toby. There he will meet his man. But how the deuce did he learn the Lieutenant's reſidence and name?

The. I told him.

Toby. That was wrong.

The. He ſurpriſed my candour.

Toby. It will come to miſchief at laſt.

The. You frighten me.

Toby. (*Caſting a glance through the window.*) If any thing has happened, your old ſwain came off at leaſt with a ſound ſkin; for there he comes in full gallop.

The. Oh, what a painful ſituation!

Ul. Child, you have now an opportunity of exerciſing the female virtues, reſignation and meekneſs.

Toby. They will diſgrace no man neither.

Ul. And generally produce an eaſy tranſition from grief to joy.

Toby. Even in the virtues, women will chooſe the beſt for themſelves.

Ul. Only, becauſe you deſpiſe it.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Colonel HAMMER.

Col. Victory, my fair lady! Your champion has conquered.

The. I don't underſtand you, Colonel.

Col. (Looking round. In a low voice) If we were by ourſelves——

The. There are no ſecrets between us, that I know of.

Col. (Secretly to her.) Have you forgotten? the ring——

The. (Aloud.) My uncle and aunt may hear all.

Col. Of the ring too?

The. (Impatient.) I wiſh you would bring me the ring of Gyges, that I might make myſelf inviſible to every obtruder.

Col. (Shrugging up his ſhoulders.) The ring of Gyges! The effect of reading.

Ul. You have brought in a good deal of duſt, Colonel.

Col. I have gallop'd like a trooper.

Ul. I can ſee every footſtep.

Col. In three hours to Eberſdorf and back.

Toby. About ſome important concern, very likely?

Col. Cupid lent me his wings.—*(To* Thereſa, *in a tone of inſtruction.)* Cupid, with the blind heathens, was the god of love.

The. Have you met with nobody beſides the god of love?

Col. With nobody.

Ul. We expect a viſitor from Eberſdorf.

Col. You'll wait to no purpoſe.

Toby.

Toby. My foſter-ſon, Lieutenant Orphan——

Col. Won't come.

Toby. How ſo?

The. (Showing fear.) I hope no——

Col. You may hope.

Ul. Child, you tremble!

Col. Virgins muſt tremble, when men fight for the prize.

The. I hope no bloodſhed——

Col. Compoſe yourſelf. The fighting ſwain didn't ſuffer it to come to that.

The. Have you ſeen the Lieutenant?

Col. Upon my honour.

Toby. And fought him?

Col. He didn't chooſe to fight.

The. (Provoked.) Becauſe he never choſe to commit a folly.

Col. When he cringed I could be ſatisfied.

The. (Contemptuouſly ſneering.) He cringed?

Col. He wound about like a worm.

Toby. Ha! ha! ha! Like a dragon, you mean.

The. And the Colonel was Saint George.

Toby. May I aſk what you have ſqueezed out of the poor worm?

Col. His word of honour never more to ſee the lady.

The. And I give you my word of honour that I ſhall ſee him this very day.

Col. (Smiling.) What d'ye bet?

The. (In a guſt of diſpleaſure.) Oh, Colonel! if Cupid has lent you nothing but his wings, you may be ſure to keep fluttering lonely over hill and valley.

Col. Ah, but he has: he has lent me a ring too.

The.

The. I ſuppoſe you ſtand in the ſame connexion with that ring in which Leſſing ſaid ſome folks ſtand with the virtues; they'll talk moſt of thoſe they have not.

Col. (Puts his hand in his pocket.) Hocus pocus! *(Pulls out the ring, and triumphantly ſhows it to* Thereſa.)

The. (Caſts a glance on it, and ſhrieks.)

Toby. Is it the identical ring?

Col. Upon honour!

The. Yes, it is. You have murdered the Lieutenant.

Col. No ſuch thing. We parted very good friends.

The. He vowed to me, this ring ſhould attend him to his tomb.

Col. He is in very good health.

Toby. Let us be ſerious, Colonel. I take a tender, a fatherly part in that young man's welfare.

Col. I am ſerious, Captain. I ſaid, upon honour! and I am a nobleman.

Toby. He gave you that ring voluntarily?

Col. Voluntarily.

Toby. And renounced my niece?

Col. Yes! Is there any great wonder a romantic intrigue ſhould come to a ſudden end?

The. (Vehemently.) What did he ſay? I inſiſt upon knowing what he ſaid.

Col. He ſaid——nothing. He gave me the ring: I think that's ſufficient.

The. Oh! it is more than ſufficient.

Ul. Inconceivable!

Toby. Hm! hm! I don't like it. I am indeed glad this heterogeneous connexion is at an end; but I am not pleaſed with the mode.

Col.

Col. What was he to do? When he heard that the lady had made it a condition that ſhe would receive this ring from the hands of his rival——

The. He yielded it up?

Col. He yielded it up.

The. (Burſting into tears.) Oh! I am undone!

Col. The effect of reading.

The. He did not deſerve my affections.

Col. A plebeian.

The. Tear theſe ties aſunder, poor heart!

Col. Bravo!

The. Puniſh him with contempt!

Col. Braviſſimo!

The. And then have done with love for ever!

Col. Stop, ſtop! whereas you are promiſed to me——

The. Very right, Colonel! I will love you! I will at leaſt ſay ſo. Give me that ring. I love you: I love you beyond all expreſſion!

Col. Didn't I ſay you would come about? Shall I call your papa?

The. Call whom you pleaſe.

Ul. (Pulling her by the ſleeve.) Child! child!

Col. That, after the manner of our fathers, we may immediately be betrothed.

The. Yes, yes, immediately.

Col. And the wedding?

The. The ſooner the better!

Ul. (Warning.) Child! child!

The. But the Lieutenant muſt be preſent.

Col. He won't come.

The. He muſt come. I will deck myſelf out in the moſt feſtive array; I'll try all the ſecrets of the toilet, to appear handſome.

Col. So much the better!

The. I will jeſt, laugh, dance! I will jeſt with him, dance with him!

Col. Ho! ho! The iron is hot; now is the time for beating it! *(He runs off.)*

SCENE IX.

ULRICA, THERESA, TOBY.

The. (Recovers, and is frightened.) He is gone!

Ul. Gone to call your father.

The. God! what have I done?

Toby. You have behaved very ſilly. A ſtep taken *par depit*, is generally a fooliſh ſtep.

The. Try, if you can, to excuſe the Lieutenant.

Toby. Excuſe him I can't; nor will I condemn him before he be heard.

The. Have I done ſo? Oh! then I was worſe than a child! then I have injured the beſt, the moſt faithful heart! Oh! ſure he is innocent!

Toby. He might have loſt the ring.

The. He has loſt it. He has loſt it beyond all doubt. The enigma will be unravelled, and I ſhall ſtand abaſhed in his preſence.

Toby. As the Colonel's wife.

The. That was cruel, uncle!

Ul. But didn't you yourſelf hurry the wedding?

The. Never!

Ul. Nor can that be brought to bear; for there are ſo many things to provide for yet.

The. Now my father will come.

Toby. Ah, ſure!

The.

The. The Colonel will tell him that I conſented.

Toby. And ſo you have.

The. *(Wringing her hands.)* God! into what a labyrinth I have thrown myſelf by my raſhneſs!

SCENE X.

Enter FABIAN.

Toby. *(Diſcovering him.)* O ho! Fabian. Now we ſhall know.

The. *(Running up to him.)* Where is your maſter?

Fab. *(Marches up to* Thereſa, *without ſpeaking a word, and delivers a letter to her.)*

The. Does your maſter live?—Speak, man!

Fab. My orders are, not to ſpeak.

Toby. Child! child! He has written, and ſo he muſt be alive, of courſe! *(Opens the letter, and mutters its contents to himſelf.)*

The. *(Obſerving him, with anxious inquiſitive looks.)*

Toby. *(Has read, and ſhakes his head.)*

The. Well?

Toby. That letter contains nothing.

The. Nothing?

Toby. A ſudden order for marching—he can't come——he takes leave——congratulates you on your marriage——

The. Congratulates? Excellent!

Toby. What does this mean, man?

Fab. I muſtn't ſpeak.

Toby. Have you indeed orders to march?

Fab. If the letter ſays ſo, it muſt be ſo.

The. Have you ſeen a ſtranger with your maſter?

Fab. Yes.

Toby. Did your maſter give that ſtranger a ring?

Fab. Yes.

The. (Utterly aſtoniſhed.) It is true then!

Toby. Did he voluntarily part with it?

Fab. Yes.

The. And gives me joy on my marriage!

Toby. Did you witneſs their converſation?

Fab. Yes.

Toby. Relate.

Fab. I dare not.

The. (Offers him her purſe.) Do, honeſt Fabian, relate the converſation. Here, take this.

Fab. Honeſt Fabian takes not money to betray his maſter.

Toby. Has he ſo ſtrictly forbidden you to ſpeak?

Fab. Yes.

The. Then tell me, at leaſt, if he is alive, where he is—what he is about.

Fab. He weeps.

The. He weeps? *(Burſts into tears.)* Oh, ſee! I likewiſe weep.

Fab. Young lady, that ayn't fair. I have ſuffered enough already with my poor maſter. My head is ſtill troubled with the wine I drank—and then ſuch tears—that's enough to make a man a rogue.

Toby. Fabian, you know me.

Fab. Captain Edelſhield.

Toby. Do you know me for nothing elſe?

Fab. (Affected.) For my good old maſter, my benefactor!

Toby. I have never encouraged you in a bad action.

Fab. And you never will.

Toby. If therefore I requeſt you to retrieve your maſter's honour——

Fab. His honour?

Toby. Appearances are not in his favour.

Fab. Zounds! he has acted as the braveſt nobleman in the army would.

Toby. If you can prove that, do ſo.

The. Conſider in what light he is held, and before whom; before his foſter-father! before his benefactor!

Fab. Quite right. Blind obedience, to be ſure, is our motto; and if it concerned only my maſter's welfare in this world—*(putting his finger on his lips)* as ſtill as a mouſe!—but his honour!—odds bobs! no man ſhall ſport with that!

The. Then ſpeak.

Fab. I will ſpeak;—but, Captain!—Young lady!—You muſt give me a certificate that I am not drunk.

Toby. For what?

Fab. For, d'ye ſee, if I do wrong, my maſter cannot ſay, Fellow, you was drunk! but, at moſt, Fellow, thou art an aſs, but thou meanteſt no harm.

Toby. My teſtimony ſhall protect ye.

The. And mine too.

Ul. Fabian! you are a clean lad, but too circumſtantial.

Fab. Well, for it then!—My maſter has delivered up the ring, that is fact; but to whom has he delivered it?

Toby. To the Colonel.

Ul. To Colonel Hammer.

The. Oh! that is all the ſame; he ought not to have delivered it up to any body.

Fab. To his father neither?

The. (Aſtoniſhed.) To his father?

Toby. Are you mad, fellow?

Ul. Fabian! are not you a little tipſy by chance?

Fab. I ſay, Lieutenant Orphan is Colonel Hammer's own ſon.

Toby. Say you ſo?

Fab. I ſay, that he would yield the ring upon no account——

The. But——

Fab. But the Colonel talked of onerous debts; of a neceſſity of looking out for a rich wife—

Toby. So, ſo!

Fab. He talked of a gaol, of hunger, *et cetera.*

Ul. Ay, ay!

Fab. My maſter's good heart blazed in the full flame of filial affection, and he gave up the ring to extricate his old father from diſtreſs.

The. (Takes her uncle by the head, and kiſſes him eagerly; does the ſame by her aunt, and then forces her purſe upon Fabian.) Fabian! for Heaven's ſake take this! The pleaſure you have given me cannot be paid with money.—*(In a rapture of joy.)* He is innocent! he is innocent!

Toby. (Wipes his eyes.) That he is, brave boy.

Ul. And a nobleman into the bargain.

Fab. As good as his father.

Toby. Better than his father.

The. Now, my dear uncle! now, I may love him, I ſuppoſe?

Toby. You have my leave.

Ul. And my bleſſings.

Toby. It would give me great pleaſure.

Ul. I would arrange every thing as well as ever I could.

Toby. If only your father——

Ul. And his——

The. Our entreaties——

Toby. Go, Fabian, and wait below for your diſpatches. [Fabian *marches off.*

Ul. I am only afraid, you have ſpoiled all by your raſhneſs.

Fab. And the young gentleman didn't chooſe to truſt his foſter-father. Had he given me ſooner a hint of his birth, we might have introduced the matter by little and little. But young people will both blab, and be cloſe, at improper times.

The. He didn't chooſe to be indebted for his good fortune to mere chance; he wanted to conquer by his genius and his heart.

Toby. Huſh! huſh! I hear ſomebody come. God ſend us friends!

SCENE XI.

Enter HERMAN *and Colonel* HAMMER.

Her. (Quite pleaſed.) That's right, Thereſa, that's well done! Now you are once more my dear child.

Col. Didn't I ſay, all would come about?

Her. Children! let us make a merry evening of it. You now and then complain of my ill humour; but to-day you ſhall ſee me jovial. Nothing ſhall put me out of temper.

Ul. May Heaven grant it!

Col. But then it is a reaſonable match too, after the manner of our fathers. The pretender, a man of

of ſolid age, has, in due form, applied firſt to the father; and the bride, a well-bred young lady, dutifully obeyed.

Her. No elopements, no moonſhine——

Col. No cooing doves.

Toby. Nor tender ecſtacies!

Col. Whereas now we are here aſſembled, that purſuant to the manner of our fathers——

Her. Stop, brother, till the brimful rummer appear.

Toby. Stop, brother, till love appear.

Her. (Earneſtly.) Brother, what d'ye mean by that? Don't diſturb my felicity.

Toby. If I do ſo, I am for the firſt time in my life a diſturber of felicity.

Ul. You had better let him ſpeak now than when it will be too late.

Her. But he ſha'n't ſpeak; he has no buſineſs to ſpeak.

Toby. Colonel! you have ſo often quoted the manner of our fathers; will you permit me to tell you what the manner of our fathers was?

Col. I know that long ſince.

Toby. I much doubt it. When our fathers were bleſſed with worthy ſons, they were proud of them.

Her. What is all that inſignificant talk for?

Toby. (Taking no notice.) And when they were not able to give them any thing, they would at leaſt take nothing from them.

Col. (Embarraſſed.) I don't know, Captain——

Her. Tell me, for Heaven's ſake, brother! what has become of your head?

Toby. Aſk that gentleman, what has become of his heart?

Col. No man has yet doubted my heart.

Toby.

Toby. Yes, when heart and ſword are taken as ſynonimous terms.

Her. You forget that you are in my houſe.

Toby. He forgets that he has a ſon.

Her. Had one.

Toby. He has him ſtill.

The. (Aſide.) O God, ſupport my good uncle!

Col. A novel-hero.

Toby. Fie, Colonel! he has not deſerved that from you.

Her. Do you play the fool with me? I don't comprehend a ſingle word of all this.

Toby. It needs but a ſingle word to open your eyes at once. My foſter-ſon, Lieutenant Orphan, is his ſon; is Lieutenant Hammer.

Her. So?—Well, ſo much the better! Then I'll invite him to the wedding.

Toby. But he is in love with Thereſa.

Her. So much the worſe for him!

Toby. From a ſenſe of filial duty he gave up his claims.

Her. Claims? Zounds! what claims?

Toby. Thereſa is fond of him.

Her. Girl, I hope, you ayn't——

Col. The effect of reading.

Her. You don't anſwer?

Col. Romantic dalliance.

Her. You caſt down your eyes.

Toby. It's better you ſhould ſee her with down-caſt eyes, than with tears in them.

Her. I won't ſee her at all! I have done with her!

Col. That's right.

The. Father!

Her. I won't be the father of a wench that gives herſelf up to the firſt vagabond.

Col.

Col. That's right.

Her. Speak! will you obey? will you make me happy?

The. At the expenſe of my life——

Her. Your life here is quite out of the queſtion—

Col. A mere novel-phraſe——

Her. Will you beſtow your hand upon the Colonel?

The. Without my heart!——

Her. Well, then tear your tender dovelike heart from the boſom of your father! beſtow it upon a wretch; run away, like him, from your father's houſe! renounce, like him, your good reputation; and wander, like him, loaded with the curſe of a father, from want to wretchedneſs.

The. O God! O God! *(Wrings her hands, and exit.)*

Col. That was the true genuine language of our old knights.

Toby. A pity, Colonel, you ſhould have made your appearance at once too ſoon and too late in this world.

Col. How ſo?

Toby. Too late for yourſelf, and too ſoon for my niece.

Her. Brother, I would have you abſtain from your biting alluſions.

Toby. I don't ſpeak the language of the old knights, ſure enough.

Her. I would be ſatisfied, if you only ſpoke ſenſe.

Toby. I flatter myſelf, that I ſometimes do ſo.

Her. You flatter yourſelf too much.

Toby. The common conceit of man.

Her. You are a hot-headed fellow, that will immediately take fire——

Toby.

Toby. (Smiling good-naturedly.) I?

Her. That will melt away at the ſight of a tear—

Toby. The fault of the age we live in.

Her. That will be fooled by every poetic lie, and deceived by every coxcomb.

Toby. I had rather be deceived, than deceive others.

Her. You are the cauſe of all this fuſs.

Toby. I conſidered it my duty as a brother.

Her. You put things in the girl's head——

Toby. They long ſince harboured in her heart.

Her. You are a ſeducer of youth——

Toby. (Looks at him with emotion; after a ſhort pauſe, he whiſtles the firſt bar of the Song, "Enjoy your lives," *&c.)*

Her. (Who by degrees grows hotter and hotter.) You rejoice in tearing a poor old father's heart in pieces.

Toby. (Whiſtles the two following bars.)

Her. (In a rage.) You—you—you are a fool.

Toby. (Ceaſes to whiſtle, and looks at him with an expreſſion of grief.)

Her. (With a ſneer.) Why don't you whiſtle?

Toby. (Deeply affected.) Brother, I could not whiſtle now. God forgive you for having carried your brother ſo far! [*Exit.*

Ul. For God's ſake! brother Herman, recollect yourſelf.

Her. What muſt I recollect? that you likewiſe are here?—that you likewiſe contribute to ſet an undutiful wench againſt her father?

Ul. Good God! no!

Her. The Lieutenant probably wears cleaner ruffles than his father; and by that he conquered your clean-waſhed heart.

Ul. Brother!

Her. I would adviſe you to take up your Benjamin Schmolk, and feed your Guinea hens.

Ul. Brother!

Her. But old maids always have an itch for match-making.

Ul. That's too bad. [*Exit.*

Col. That's right, brother; ſhow yourſelf to be maſter of the houſe.

Her. But to tell you truth, you don't ſhow yourſelf as an amiable lover.

Col. After the manner of our fathers—

Her. Our fathers had no manners; they were clowns, who now-a-days would not be admitted to any good company.

Col. Thoſe honourable knights—

Her. But my daughter wants no knight, but a man of the world, who will treat her as a ſenſible man.

Col. I think, brother—

Her. You think too little.

Col. But, dam'me! I feel--

Her. You have no feelings; and that is worſe than having too many.

Col. I perceive I muſt go out of your way. [*Exit.*

Her. (*Alone.*) They all run away; none ſtays that I could vent my rage on. (*He runs up and down the room ſeveral times, then ſtops, and keeps biting his nails.*) My brother and my ſiſter I may, in fact, have uſed too ill. (*A pauſe, during which he takes the tobacco-pipe which his brother left on the table, breaks it into ſmall pieces, and throws them on the ground till the curtain drops.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

HERMAN *alone.*—(*Steps in haſtily; goes to one of the ſide doors, and attempts to open it.*)

LOCKED.—(*Knocks at it.*) No anſwer.—She is right.—(*Goes to the other door, and knocks.*) Locked too—my brother is angry.—He is right. —Thereſa walks in the park, and weeps—the ſervants avoid me—the girls hide themſelves.— The Colonel alone purſues me every where, and completes my ill humour with his common-place phraſes.—Nothing in the world makes a man more peeviſh than the conſciouſneſs of being wrong.

SCENE II.

Enter JACK BORNMAN.

Jack. Good morrow to your honour.

Her. (*Moroſely.*) Thank ye.

Jack. There happened to be no ſervant in the antichamber, and ſo I thought old Jack Bornman, who has lived a full century, might for once break in upon his lord without being announced.

Her. What d'ye want, old man?

Jack. Next week my grandſon is going to be married; and ſo I came myſelf to requeſt my maſters to conduct the young couple to church.

Her. (*With a grin of rage.*) Excellent!

Jack. And to partake at the ſame time of a piece of the wedding-cake in my cottage.

Her. Wedding! wedding! Curſe it! that was yet wanting. Old boy, I am apt to think you ſcoff at me.

Jack. You are right, Sir. God is with me: he fills my cup full of joys in my old days. I am healthy and ſtout. I have walked five miles hither on foot, yes, on foot, Sir; and I mean to return home in the ſame manner too.

Her. (*Muttering between his teeth.*) Do; the ſooner the better.

Jack. Only my hearing begins to fail; but my children and grand-children have patience with me. All my family ſpeak very loud. The people that go by, and don't know it, might think that there is nothing but quarrelling in my cot; but they all ſquall ſo out of love for me.

Her. Could all my family hear this! Nobody has patience with me—brother—ſiſter—daughter—no one! —(*Slaps his forehead.*) Oh! I—(*In a burſt of ill humour.*) Get ye gone, old man! you'll drive me mad.

Jack. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) What? your honour!—what I juſt now heard!—Be aſhamed of thyſelf, old man; thou haſt not rightly underſtood thy good lord.

Her. I tell you—begone.

Jack. I never was yet diſmiſſed without a kind word. There was a time when I wanted more than words; and yet I never came in vain. In the year eighty-ſeven the rot among my ſheep; in ninety, the hail-ſtorm—my children burſt out in lamentations, but I kept up my ſpirits. I'll go

to

to our lord, ſaid I, and took my oaken ſtick; he will help us—and he did help us.

Her. (*Softened.*) Very well.

Jack. 'Twas in this room, your honour; I was bid to ſit down—drink a glaſs of wine; and I was helped with cattle, and with grain to ſow my land. On this very ſpot I have wept tears of gratitude. I cannot leave this ſpot without a bleſſing.

Her. Sit down, old boy! Sit down.

Jack. Ayn't it now? You won't give me a refuſal? You will come to the wedding? The welfare of my houſe, the love of your vaſſals, both are your work. My family conſiſts of twenty-ſix children and grand-children: they all love and venerate you. Old Jack Bornman has inculcated that in their hearts from their very infancy.

Her. I will come.

Jack. Our huzzas ſhall welcome you.

Her. Tell me, old hoary-head, how do you contrive to make your people love you?

Jack. I return their loves.

Her. That they put up with the frailties of your old age?

Jack. I make allowance for the frailties of their youth.

Her. That they boldly approach you with filial confidence?

Jack. I never grumble; I am always cheerful; never interrupt people's pleaſures. I control no one. I like to ſee young folks merry; when they are tired with dancing, I relate to 'em ſome anecdotes of the ſeven years war; or tell 'em of the comet and the double ſuns. When my children are gone to the field, I play with my grand-children

dren at home; they ſtand with their horn-books before me, and

"Laugh at the Ape here, that, funny and briſk,
"Will eat his Apple, and gambol and friſk."

If one of the rude little fellows happens to break a pot or a glaſs, I take the charge upon me. Be their diſtreſſes great or ſmall, they all come to me; I am always ready to give them advice, and ſometimes aſſiſtance. If now and then there is any confuſion in the houſe, I'm never in a pet about it; but rather pretend not to ſee it. If they happen to forget to give me my breakfaſt, I drink a glaſs of water, and don't loſe a word about it. I am ſure that my daughter-in-law ſuffers more by the neglect than myſelf. And why fret about things that one forgets the next hour? D'ye ſee, your honour, in that manner, I am obnoxious to no one, and I enjoy the ſweet ſatisfaction, that among twenty-ſix children and grand-children, there isn't one that wiſhes to ſee me gone. Nay, I am ſure, that when my end ſhall come there will be loud lamentations in my houſe, yea, and all over the village.

Her. (Affected.) Do you think ſo?

Jack. (With conviction.) I am ſure of it. They will all weep for me; and, God be praiſed, thoſe will be the only tears I ever cauſed a fellow-creature.

Her. I pray thee, old man, teach me the art of being always *even-tempered*, and never to ſcare people from me through peeviſhneſs.

Jack. Peeviſhneſs?—Oh! I have alſo experienced it; but only when I am ill; and then I ſhut myſelf up in my room, and bid my children leave me by myſelf. But a healthy man has an excellent and a powerful antidote againſt the foe.

Her.

Her. What?

Jack. Occupation, your honour! Occupation! The man who is employed is alſo cheerful. Fiveſcore ſummers have rolled o'er my gray head, during which time I have been teazed only twice with ill-humour, and each time it ſprang from wearineſs. When I began to grow unable to work, I alſo began to dread that evil; and I immediately thought of employment of various kinds; I procured ſilk-worms; I reared canary-birds; taught bullfinches to pipe: I read hiſtorical books, and when my eyes grew dim, I would knit ſtockings. A ſtocking, your honour, is an excellent thing; and I have often repeated it, that men are more ſubject to ill-humour than women, becauſe they don't knit ſtockings.

Her. I thank ye, old boy; you have preached ſalutary truths to me, and I'll make uſe of them. The poliſhed old courtier was forced to receive inſtruction from the plain peaſant.—Go, I'll come to the wedding, and in the evening ſit down over a cheerful glaſs; and I'll learn the art of you, to cull the flowrets of ſpring in the ſnows of winter. Go, go, *(ſhakes him by the hand,)* but take refreſhment ere you depart.

Jack. (Returning the ſhake of the hand with becoming reſpect.) Your honour's kindneſs has refreſhed me already. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

HERMAN *alone.*

He is right—I have always been uſed to an active life. A man of buſineſs ſhould take heed how he leaves the vortex that engaged all his faculties, to go and caſt his anchor in ſmooth water. I'll lay out

out a plantation of trees, rear the acacia; I will drain marſhes, cultivate ſandy heaths. Brother Toby ſhall inſtruct me in the art of gardening; and when winter comes—why then I'll write a book! Were it only remarks on the atmoſphere, or a treatiſe on the ſhape of the ſnow-flocks.

SCENE IV.

Enter WALTHER.

Wal. Your honour.

Her. What d'ye want, Walther?

Wal. *(Reſpectfully.)* I beg to be diſmiſſed.

Her. *(Aſtoniſhed.)* You?

Wal. Don't be offended; you are a kind and an excellent maſter. I am, God is my witneſs, attached to you with all my ſoul; but I am of ſuch an irritable, ſtupid temper, I can't ſtand it any longer.

Her. How ſo?

Wal. Ever ſince we have come down to the country, I would fain do every thing to your liking; but is there ever a day paſſes over my head on which you do not ſcold me?

Her. Becauſe you deſerve it.

Wal. I may have deſerved it ſometimes, but never deſignedly; and I often am quite innocent.

Her. That is an untruth; I wrong nobody.

Wal. You wouldn't do ſo purpoſely, I know; but it will get the better of you. There are often trifles that don't deſerve mention, and I muſt ſubmit to be called raſcal, ſcoundrel, and ſo on. I know they are mere words without meaning; but they will pierce, hurt a man's heart for all that. My parents were honeſt people; my father was

ranger of the foreſt. Poverty forced me to look out for a place; poverty weighs down—contempt will do ſo much more—ſuſpicion moſt of all. My dear maſter, when you were ſeeking your purſe to-day, and couldn't inſtantly find it, becauſe you had yourſelf miſlaid it, when then in your peeviſhneſs you dropt a word of ſuſpicion——

Her. You fool, you! I meant no harm.

Wal. No, you meant no harm neither; but then it cut me through the heart like a knife, and I thought to myſelf, I'd rather ſerve for lower wages, rather ſtarve, than have my honeſty thus impeached. Your honour ſmiles; but mind! a ſervant has honour too, and maſters ſhould never ſtrive to cruſh that ſentiment in them.

Her. (Proudly.) You tutor me, I apprehend?

Wal. God forbid!

Her. Go to the devil!

Wal. (After a pauſe of grief.) I could indeed have wiſhed for a kinder diſmiſſal; I ſhould have liked, when I took my leave, to kiſs the hand to which I owe ſo many kind things; but it muſtn't be ſo. Go to the devil, poor Walther! *(Attempting to ſneak off.)*

Her. Walther!

Wal. Your honour!

Her. You have been twenty years in my ſervice?

Wal. Twenty years.

Her. And now you'll leave me?

Wal. (With a groan.) Yes, your honour.

Her. (Vehemently.) Go then, go!

Wal. (Going.)

Her. Walther!

Wal. Your honour!

Her. When the intrigues of the court cauſed me

to be confined in the Tower, were you not the only man that remained faithful to me?

Wal. Yes, your honour, I was.

Her. Who helped me to tame mice, and teach ſpiders to play tricks?

Wal. I did ſo.

Her. (*After a pauſe, with great emotion.*) Remain with me.

Wal. Oh!

Her Take this. (*Tenders his purſe to him.*)

Wal. No, Sir! for Heaven's ſake, no preſent at this moment! It would hurt me more than the moſt cutting language.

Her. (*Putting the purſe by.*) I have injured your ſenſe of honour. (*Gives him his hand.*) Forgive me.

Wal. (*Seizes his hand with eagerneſs, preſſes it to his lips, attempts to ſpeak, but ſobs aloud, and runs off.*)

SCENE V.

HERMAN *alone.*

(*Wiping his eyes.*) Sometimes one might be tempted to commit an injury, for the ſake of having the pleaſure of making it up. The folks are right; I muſt alter my conduct for my own ſake. I cannot even put it down to my account as a deſert; for who gains by it? I myſelf. (*Two Servants come out of the door on the right ſide, and carry a trunk to the middle door.*)

Her. Holloa! What are you carrying there?

Ser. The Captain is going to ſet out on a journey. [*Exeunt.*

Her. On a journey! God forbid! I hope my brother doesn't carry his reſentment ſo far as that.

(*Two Servants come from the door on the left hand, likewiſe carrying a trunk.*)

Her. More yet! Where are you going to?

Ser. Your honour's ſiſter is going to town with Helen. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Her. My ſiſter too! That's too cruel!—Why, yes, yes, I have been too raſh; I have been making fooliſh work of it. And muſt they for that reaſon inſtantly take their knapſacks, quit me like one that is infected with the leproſy?—That is indeed too cruel.

SCENE VI.

Enter Colonel HAMMER.

Col. What's all this? What can be the meaning of all theſe travelling preparations?

Her. My brother and my ſiſter are going to leave me.

Col. A pleaſant journey to them!

Her. And wretchedneſs to me!

Col. Hem! What great things can you loſe by them?

Her. When people arrive at my age, brother, they get poorer every day. It is bad enough when thoſe we love, die, and ſtill worſe, when they forſake us.

Col. What is done cannot be helped.

Her. Why not?

Col. " Happy the man who doth not fret,
" And that which can't be alter'd does forget."

Her. I entreat you, brother, a truce to your verſes.

Col. It is a nice old diſtich; you ſee by that, that I alſo have read ſomething.

Her. Oh, ſure!

Col. And that I am able, of a long winter's evening——

Her. To read ſome of thoſe verſes to me, which your old cronies have put over their names in your remembrance-book.

Col. In ſhort, brother, let thoſe depart in peace whoever will not ſtay. Upon honour, I'll make you amends for the total loſs.

Her. You promiſe a good deal.

Col. And ſhall perform after the manner of our fathers. Every morning we'll ſmoke our pipes together.

Her. I am no ſmoker.

Col. You will learn to ſmoke. Towards dinner we take a ride—

Her. I never ride.

Col. After dinner a nap—

Her. Good night t'ye.

Col. Then we'll play at back-gammon—

Her. I don't play.

Col. In the evening we'll carve pipe-heads—Upon my honour, brother, the ſhape I give them, and my peculiar method to ſmoke them brown—

Her. (*Taking him by the hand with vehemence.*) Yes, yes! we will ſmoke together till we are ſtifled in the cloud! But now I muſt requeſt you to quit me a few minutes.

Col. Meanwhile I'll take a peep at your ſtud.

Her. Do ſo.

Col. And after that pay a viſit to my bride, that ſhe may in time accuſtom herſelf to the vivifying ſmell of horſe-dung. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

HERMAN *alone.*

Is this the being, that ſhall compenſate for the loſs of my brother and my ſiſter?—A nice exchange indeed!—It's an unpleaſant ſituation to lie under obligations to a man, and not be able to eſteem him!—I never knew him thus.—In our youth, we probe not to the bottom—In maturer years, the accidental ſervices he did me caſt a ray of glory round his empty ſkull.—Away with him! He's welcome to my fortune, provided I retain my brother and my ſiſter!—Are we then doomed never to appreciate the value of any thing but by its loſs?

SCENE VIII.

Enter ULRICA.

Her. (*With an oppreſſed heart.*) Siſter, I am told you will leave me?

Ul. (*The ſame.*) Yes, brother!

Her. I hope you do not mean to imitate ambaſſadors of foreign powers, who, when their courts have decreed iron war, ſet off without ſaying farewell?

Ul. God forbid! Many a happy hour have I ſpent here. Ah! fondly did I hope to ſigh away my lateſt breath under the ſame roof that ſhelters my dear Herman—and let it glide away as ſerene and calm as its eldeſt ſiſters did; (*ſighs;*) but it muſt not be!

Her. (*Gently.*) Why not?

Ul. Whatever it be that fills my heart with reſpect for you, brother!—it is not rancour, it is grief—

that

that which has paſt between us will never cancel the ſenſe of my obligations.

Her. Good God! what has happened then?

Ul. You have uſed me very ill.

Her. But, ſiſter, you know my way—

Ul. I know you mean no harm; and I have always borne every thing with patience and affection.

Her. Only to-day—

Ul. What between two perſons will prick ſlight as a needle, will make deep wounds in the preſence of a third. To-day you have, in the preſence of a ſtranger, grievouſly offended your ſiſter—your poor ſiſter, your ſiſter that lives on your bounty.

Her. Bounty—ſilly expreſſion!

Ul. Yes; I am not aſhamed to own it. You have, ſince the death of our mother, acted the part of a father to me.

Her. And ſometimes grumbled like a father too.

Ul. Without you I had been compelled to ſeek in a convent, among ſtrangers, for what, here, fraternal love has laviſhed upon me. But, Herman! a benefactor voluntarily loads heavy obligations upon himſelf! *What* he gives is the leaſt, but the *manner* in which he beſtows, conſtitutes the value of his boon.

Her. Preach away, good old ſoul, preach away!

Ul. I have always preſerved ſilence; ſuffer me now to ſpeak my mind: I think, king Saul muſt have been ſomewhat like you, when David played the harp to him. But, unfortunately for us, we here have neither Davids nor harps to ſooth your mind.

Her. She is right.

Ul. I leave you. Don't treat with contempt the admonitions of a ſiſter. When you have faithful ſervants, uſe them well. Do not grumble about every

every trifle. Do not expect your ſervants to be perfect, while there is no maſter that can boaſt of perfection. Look only to cleanlineſs and good-will; be content with that.—I entreat you, brother Herman, remember my words, that—it breaks my heart to tell you ſo—that you may not be deſerted at the hour of death!

Her. And will my only ſiſter leave me at that hour?

Ul. No, brother; I'll come at your call.

Her. But now?

Ul. I now go—becauſe I am forced.

Her. Who forces you?

Ul. Oh! my heart, that is rent.

Her. And will you go, if even, in the preſence of the whole houſe, I confeſs that I have behaved like a fool to you?

Ul. I ſtill will go.

Her. And that I will never act ſo again?

Ul. I ſtill muſt go. Forgive me, brother; you have ſo often repeated that promiſe to me, it ſeems, alas! as if you *could* not perform it.

Her. I have indeed no other voucher than my heart.

Ul. Your voucher is an honeſt one, but groans under the weight of your humour.

Her. But, good heavens! where will you go to?

Ul. To town, to my foſter-daughter. She and her future huſband have vowed, with tears in their eyes, that they would honour me as their mother. See now, what an advantage there is in ſecuring good ſouls by the ties of love, which are much ſtronger than thoſe of conſanguinity.

Her. (*With grief.*) You will leave your brother—

Ul. I'll go to my daughter.

Her. To a ſtranger, whom you don't know——

Ul.

Ul. I have educated a worthy wife for him; he will prove grateful.

Her. And if you ſhould be deceived?

Ul. Then I'll go to my convent, and there await my end.

SCENE IX.

Enter TOBY.

Toby. *(In a riding-dreſs.)* Your hand, brother Herman!

Her. I'll give it you, brother Toby, if you will promiſe me they ſhall not ſeparate till death.

Toby. I can't promiſe that.

Her. Children, you uſe me very cruelly.

Toby. Remember the hour that's paſt.

Her. I have forgotten it; and I ſuppoſe you too have a brother's memory.

Toby. You know my temper, brother: I like to be merry and cheerful; I am pleaſed with every thing; and contentment alone can keep me alive. In your houſe—I am grieved to ſay ſo—in your houſe there are no more joys for me. They are all fled. You grow daily more inſupportable.

Her. Scold—but forgive.

Toby. The acrimony in which you have this day—

Her. Was unaccountably rude. But, Toby! old, honeſt Toby! my heart had no ſhare in it. Then don't let *your* heart have any thing to do with it either.

Toby. Dear brother, I know you well enough, and that in the preſent moment you would give half your fortune to undo the whole tranſaction.

Her. God knows, I do it with pleaſure.

Toby. I am glad of it. But I alſo know for a certainty,

certainty, that you cannot vouch for a relapſe the next minute, if you are ſeized with a fit of ill-humour. Therefore let us part now without rancour.

Her. (*With great emotion.*) Brother, may I remind you that your pay is but trifling?—Don't take it amiſs; the hint comes from a good heart.

Toby. I don't take it amiſs, brother Herman; on the contrary, it gives me pleaſure.

Her. You have moreover ſhared what little you had with your foſter-ſon.

Toby. It is now his turn to requite me; and that he will.

Her. You will leave me; and my affluence is——

Toby. Don't ſpeak out. I am going to an old fellow-ſoldier, who, indeed, has only one leg, but then he has a ſound and cheerful heart. His income is juſt a match for mine. With our jovial tempers we ſhall fight through; never fear!

Her. (*With progreſſive anguiſh*). Oh God! Children, you will quite caſt me down; poor old man!

Ul. (*Trembling.*) Brother, here are the keys of every thing you entruſted to my care.

Her. Siſter Ulrica! is the key to your heart not among them?

Toby. If you will give me a treat when I come to ſee you, have my little garden and my flowers taken care of.

Her. Children, are you in right earneſt then? Muſt I ſtay here by myſelf?—Muſt I riſe without having one to bid me good-morrow—and lie down without any one to ſqueeze my hand? —Muſt I die like the pilgrim in the wilderneſs?

—Muſt I hire a mercenary to attend me in my ſickneſs—and pay for tears on my death-bed?

SCENE X.

Enter THERESA.

The. (Who timidly ſtept in during the laſt ſcene. Runs up to her father, and claſps him in both her arms.) Father! father! have you quite forgotten me?

Her. Yes! you yet remain! Oh! if thou alſo couldſt forſake me!

The. (With the enthuſiaſtic tenderneſs of a good child.) Never! I'll never leave you! I will ſum up all my powers to retrieve the loſs of your ſiſter and brother; I'll become a good notable houſewife, like my aunt; I will always be merry, like my uncle. During the day, I'll take care of the economy of the houſe, and in the evening I'll read to you. You will never ſee me wearied, you ſhall never ſee a cloud o'erſhadow my brow.

Her. Not even if I behaved ſo rudely to you again as I did a little while ago?

The. Behave to me as you pleaſe. I know you wiſh me well.

Her. (Deeply affected.) Yes, I wiſh you well.

The. When I was a little girl, and dangerouſly ill of the ſmall-pox, I have ſeen your anguiſh, your tears. Hitherto I could do nothing to requite thoſe paternal tears. This day's deſtiny has challenged my filial gratitude. I mourn at the departure of my relations, and at the ſame time rejoice at the thought that my preſence is of abſolute neceſſity to my father. I renounce every happineſs a loving heart may paint to my

my imagination. I was a daughter before ever I had ſtruck the fancy of a lover. I abjure the choice my father diſapproves. With him I will ſtay; never will I marry.—I'll nurſe his old age—cheer his gloomy hours.—He will not find fault with this reſolution of mine.

Ul. (Weeps unnoticed.)

Toby. (*Gently taps* Thereſa's *ſhoulder.*)

Her. (*Under paternal careſſes.*) My good child, my good girl! Yes, thou wilt cheer the ſunſet of my life; but wilt thou be able to wander with me in the dawning regions of my youth?—Wilt thou be able to partake of the joys of my infancy?—None but theſe can. When ſome winter night I wiſhed to be merry, I ſat down betwixt them. Then would we reviſit every corner of our father's houſe; we would play at blindman's buff, and ſhow each other the ſcars we received on the ſteep ſtaircaſe.—Siſter Ulrica! d'ye recollect where I got this? (*Points at a ſcar on his forehead.*)

Ul. (*Affected.*) Oh yes!

Her. Toby had thrown your doll upon a tree; you cried; I climbed up——

Ul. You fell down, and bled——

Her. I came off with this ſcar. May be, I received it in a fortunate hour to ſhow it you in a bad one, and to prove to you that I have loved you theſe fifty years.—You are moved, ſiſter.—Repeal your reſolution—recall to your remembrance the ſatisfaction our parents felt, as they witneſſed our mutual concord!—Have we walked through the world hand in hand, to ſeparate within ſight of our graves?—Remember the laſt night of my worthy wife—when I reeled comfortleſs up and down the room, (*with a choked*

voice,) and you vowed, you would never leave me!

Ul. (Sobbing.) Return me the keys.

Her. (In rapture.) Here, here, kind ſiſter! and with them the moſt ſolemn oath——

Toby. No oaths!

Her. Nay, brother, I may venture to take an oath; for I have had an infallible remedy given me againſt this malady.

Toby. A noſtrum? let's hear!

Her. Application—activity!

Toby. See there now, brother! you actually give me great pleaſure; for, in fact, you have ſaid a great truth there.

Her. Will you, upon the confidence you may have in this noſtrum, be the nurſe of your ſick brother?

Toby. I'll return as ſoon as you are cured.

Her. (After ſome pauſe.) You will ſtay at leaſt to celebrate the nuptials of your foſter-ſon.

Toby. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) Of my foſter-ſon?

Her. Thereſa, I ſtill ſee the ſymptoms of melancholy in your look. Let me try, if, in ſpite of my peeviſh temper, I can hit upon the mode of reconciling you and your uncle with me. Brother, you'll be bound for the integrity of the youth? will you?

Toby. (*In ſuſpenſe.*) With my heart and ſoul!

Her. (*To* Thereſa.) And you?

The. (*Bluſhes, and caſts down her eyes.*)

Her. Be then the firſt ſymptom of my promiſed converſion, the union of two lovers!—(*Takes* Thereſa *by the hand, and leads her to* Toby.) Receive her, brother, in the name of your ſon.

Toby. In earneſt?

The. (*Clinging to her father's neck.*) Father!

Toby. Zounds! that gives me great pleaſure!—Huzza! I am quite in a rapture!—Thank you, brother! now I ſtay with you!—the devil take me if I don't, were you to put your foot upon my neck!

Ul. That's well done of ye: now I will directly make the neceſſary arrangements for the wedding.

Her. Have every thing clean and ſcoured—nay, my ſtudy, if you chooſe.

Ul. With all my heart!—All ſhall be clean and neat.

Her. But now come to my arms again! There ſtill appears ſomething like rancour, till hearts have again throbbed againſt hearts. (*He takes* Toby *in one arm,* Ulrica *in the other, and* Thereſa *embraces his knees.*)

Toby. Worthy brother!

Ul. Good Herman!

The. Kind father!

Her. God! how much preferable it is to ſee one's ſelf *cheriſhed* than *feared!*

SCENE XI.

Enter Colonel HAMMER.

Col. Well; the horſes are put to, the luggage packed up, and no traveller appears.

Her. Nobody travels, and every one is glad to ſtay with me.

Col. So?—How has all this happened, and ſo ſuddenly?

Her. Brother, before we proceed any farther, a word concerning your ſon.

Col. I read no novels, nor do I like to ſpeak of novel-heroes.

Her.

Her. Let us confeſs, that till this moment either of us would have cut but an indifferent figure in a novel.

Col. Nor was that at any time my ambition.

Her. You have given exiſtence to a ſon, beſides which you have done very little for him.

Col. Becauſe he was a fool.

Her. I am under a number of obligations to you, and wiſh to requite you.

Col. The hand of your daughter will cancel all.

Her. But—ſhe is not inclined to give you her hand.

Col. The effect of reading.

Her. Let it proceed from what it will—in ſhort, ſhe feels no inclination.

Col. Thoſe damn'd books!

Her. She is partial to your ſon.

Col. That is nothing to me.

Her. I hope to ſettle my accounts with the father, whilſt I am promoting the happineſs of the ſon.

Col. Your hopes are too ſanguine.

Her. I'll make over to him two of my eſtates, and then leave it to his feelings as a ſon to make your old age comfortable.

Col. Shall I tell you, brother, what will be the conſequence?

Her. Well?

Col. They will do nothing but read all day long.

Her. God bleſs 'em!

Col. The deuce take 'em! God forgive me my ſins!

Her. Nay, I muſt inform you, that in future we mean to live quite in a different manner in this family.

Col. Begin by ſetting fire to your library.

Her. By increaſing it, you mean to ſay: for, from

from this very hour, there ſhall each day be read, in an audible voice, a dozen of poems.

Col. Poems! Pſha!

Her. In the afternoons a novel.

Col. Well done! And in the evening?

Her. A drama.

Col. Charming!

Her. All the family are to be preſent at theſe readings.

Col. And within a year you may ſend them all to Bedlam.

Her. I hope you'll come and live with us.

Col. I! I live with you? Conſequently be one of the family? Conſequently be preſent at the readings?—*(With ſtifled rage.)* What was that confounded fellow's name that invented printing?—but be his name what it may, provided he be in hell! [*Runs off.*

Ul. He will come about by and by.

The. If he be diſpenſed from attending at the readings——

Her. If we keep a pair of good ſaddle-horſes for him——

Toby. And furniſh him with a battery of pipe-heads.

SCENE XII.

Enter FABIAN.

Fab. (Popping his head timidly through the door.)

Toby. (Diſcovering him.) Enter, honeſt Fabian! You come juſt in time.

Fab. I was humbly going to aſk the Captain for my diſpatches.

Toby. Saddle your horſe.

Fab. Very well.

Toby.

Toby. And ride as fast as you can.

Fab. Very well.

Toby. And bring your master——

The. A kiss from me.

Fab. (Frightened.) A kiss? Papa heard it.

Her. Yes, yes! Tell him Miss Theresa Edelshield sends him a kiss, and her father heard her say so.

Fab. (Looks alternately with sparkling eyes at every one of them.) That would signify as much——

Toby. Only do ride. Your master will know what to make of it.

Fab. Why, one might indeed forget the respect that's due—and dance about for joy, like a child.

Toby. Now dance, old boy! Joy is pleasing to God, and consequently not contrary to the respect due to man.

Fab. (Quite petrified.) Ay, good heavens!—then I must indeed—

Toby. Make haste—begone.

Fab. Make haste—begone. *(He runs away as fast as he can.)*

Toby. Faith! he forgot his parade-march this time.

Her. Well, brother! how went the song, that vexed me so this morning?

Toby. (Sings.) "Enjoy your lives, my jolly boys."

Her. Stop, stop! I had almost forgotten my physician. [*Exit hastily.*

Toby. His physician?

Ul. What does he mean by that?

Toby. Has any stranger been with him?

The. I have seen no one.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Enter HERMAN, *and* JACK BORNMAN.

Her. (Uſhers in old Bornman, *fetches a chair, and makes him ſit in the middle of the ſtage.)* Here is the man that cured me of my deſeaſe. Here is the man that recommended the ſalutary herb of activity to me. Ill tell you what, old man, we will celebrate the wedding of our children in company. My daughter and your grandſon ſhall be married on one and the ſame day.

Jack. The Almighty's bleſſings on you, Miſs!

Her. I'll lead your grandſon's bride to the altar, and you, old boy, ſhall lead my daughter.

Jack. Oh, Sir! ſuch an honour——

Her. Now, brother, let us have your ſong. Here ſits the living book on the art of being always merry.

(Toby *begins.)*

Enjoy your lives, my jolly boys,

(Omnes *join.)*

Whilſt yet the cup is fill'd with joys;
And cull with eagerneſs the roſe,
Whilſt yet it ſmells, whilſt yet it blows.

(Thereſa *alone.)*

An active live will cheer the heart,
And gladneſs to the mind impart.
The dull and peeviſh dæmon, ſpleen,
With active life was never ſeen.

(Omnes.)

So let it be your conſtant ſtrife
To catch the fickle joys of life!
For him that did the roſe-buſh rear,
The roſe-buſh will its roſes bear.

THE END.